

The Messenger

Dr A H Strickler
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"Is the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

ARISE AND BE GLAD-HEARTED.

Translated from the German: "Brich auf und werde Lichte."

Arise and be glad-hearted,
For lo! the night departed,
Thy light begins to rise;
The Saviour's glory beaming,
Both far and wide is streaming;
Lift up, lift up thine eyes.

The world, 'tis true, is dreary,
The heathen nations weary,
Groan through a tedious night;
But He who ever liveth,
To thee so freely giveth
His own, His heavenly light.

Where'er the sunshine speedeth,
And heathen nations leadeth
Upon their daily ways,
There shall thy light extending,
Be welcomed as descending
From heaven in saving rays.

Lift up thine eyes with gladness;
Nations long bound in sadness,
The world shall come to thee.
Its sons and daughters learning
Thy truth, and fondly yearning
Joint-heirs with Thee to be.

Thy heart, how fondly swelling!
When they who have their dwelling
On earth or sea shall come!
Thine eyes! what contemplations!
To see the heathen nations
All find in Christ their home.

—Foreign Missionary.

Selections.

THE BIBLE; ITS CIVILIZING AND UNITING POWER.

An Address before the British and Foreign Bible Society, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The age is tired of negations—the age is tired of attempts to bring men together who have nothing in common. We thank God we have in common our faith in the Book of Life. We are united here together to-day to proclaim our allegiance to the God who has given us that Book. We believe that on the precepts and principles contained in that Book is built the civilization, not only of this Christian country, but of the world. We thank God that that Book is now freely circulated throughout the world, and we look for the most blessed results in the real civilization and elevation of the human race through that best gift of God to man. I believe that the work in which we are engaged of circulating the Scriptures of truth is the best mode of preserving the human race from the degradation which ever since the Fall has been pressing it downwards; and if we are to join with the philosophers in the desire to elevate the human race, we know a more excellent way than they of accomplishing that great object, and we turn to the Scriptures which we desire to circulate as the best mode of elevating, improving, and civilizing mankind. A great cry has gone up in this generation for the unity of Christendom; we hear a great deal about it on all sides, and we all pray for it, though there may be different views of how the unity of Christendom is to be maintained.

Christendom is a word that has a noble ring about it; there is something grand in the notion that throughout all these countries of the world which you have heard described in this day's report there are Christian men and women. We could almost pardon the popes amidst all their error for the testimony which they raised that there was such a thing as Christendom apart from the divisions of Christians. We have too much amongst us the feeling "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, I of John Wesley, and I of Whitefield." I thank God that we are of Christ.

A modern philosopher will take in his hand a piece of chalk, and will try, by examining it, and analyzing it, and explaining its constituent elements, to let you understand what were the first elements out of which the world was created. Let us take one chapter of some one epistle, some one undoubted Epistle of St. Paul, and resolve it into the first elements, and we shall find there, written within thirty years of the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, that primitive Christianity which we desire to circulate throughout the world—simple in its elements, clear and intelligible to all men, requiring little human gloss to make it understood, finding its way into the hearts and consciences of men, though some tell us that the Bible is too difficult to place in the hands of uneducated men that they may learn its doctrines for themselves by the grace of God.

Now, this unity of Christendom which men yearn for is, I say, better to be obtained by the circulation of the Scriptures than by any other means. Have you not heard in the report to-day that even amongst those old churches which in former days were very antagonistic to the circulation of the Scriptures, there are signs that they are ready to welcome your society in its efforts to diffuse these Scriptures amongst their people? What a remarkable fact is that which we are told of the great empire of Russia and of the Holy Synod of the Russian Church being willing that the Scriptures should be circulated amongst its people. I am afraid to mention Cyprus in these exciting days, but I am glad to hear there is some Bible work doing, and that with the consent of the Archbishop of Cyprus, amongst the Greek and even the Turkish population of that happy or unhappy island.

Men talk of the unity of Christendom sometimes as if it was only to be attained by the uniting together of Oriental people with ourselves at home. I should be glad, indeed, if all the varied sects, almost as numerous in the East as in the West, could be united—Nestorians, Armenians, Syrians, Jacobites, Chaldeans, Copts, Abyssinians, and the various divisions of the Orthodox Greek Church; for there are dissenters and there are sects in the immovable and, as it is supposed to be, united East—just as many as there are amongst ourselves at home. The only difference that I know of between their forms of dissent and non-conformity in our land is this—that every separate body in the East has a bishop, if not a patriarch, at its head. Thankful shall we be if these various bodies are brought together in the only effectual way by the circulation amongst them of the Scriptures of truth, and we hail the symptoms of it which are mentioned in this report. But we will not, in our love for the East, forget that there is such a place as the West, and we shall not be separated in our desire for the unity of Christendom from the many millions of our fellow Christians in the United States. We shall not confine our sympathy even to the Church of England, though we may give our best sympathy to our own Episcopal Church; but we will also remember the many millions who live by the law of the gospel throughout the whole continent of America, and we shall be thankful to consider that they have a most integral and important place in the hoped-for unity of Christendom. Still less shall we forget the ancient seat of the Reformation, the Lutheran Church, the Swiss Churches—all these we shall rejoice to welcome in this longed-for union. How it is to be accomplished, how an outward body is to be given to those who are animated by one spirit, God only knows; in His own good time He will bring all Christians together.

But, meanwhile, the best hope, and, indeed, the only really practical step which is being taken throughout the world to make

Christendom united, is by the circulation of the Scriptures, which we are met to promote to-day. And then it is not enough, we are told, and we gladly recognize that it is not enough, that there shall be a mere circulation of the letter. The letter may kill, even though it be the letter of the Word of God. We desire to have the Spirit; through the blessing of God on our prayerful efforts, we trust that the Spirit will descend; and after all, it is by the circulation of this written Word of God, and this statement of primitive truth which the written Word of God contains, that we have the best hope of obtaining the spirit of Christianity. The spirit of the Christian religion will not be found merely in the dry bones of old institutions.

No doubt the outward form, if it be blessed by the Spirit of God, has in all ages been found most useful for the preservation of the advancement of God's truth. But there is something better than the outward form. I dare say some, or many of you here present, have heard an anecdote of Merle D'Aubigne, the great historian of the Reformation, who within a few months, I believe, of his death, told a friend of mine, that he had been to Rome, and had an interesting conversation with a priest, and that the priest had shown him the relics, in which they gloried, of St. Peter. He said: "Most interesting they are; but we, for our part, have also most interesting relics; we have relics of St. Paul." The priest was pleased that there were other besides the relics that he had shown. Our relics of St. Paul are the relics of his writings; and in these we think that we have more of his spirit than if we had the relics of his dead body. The diocese over which I preside is fortunate in the possession of relics.

We have in the town of Canterbury the head of Sir Thomas More; and in a country village in my diocese we have the skull of Oliver Cromwell. But I think it is agreed that neither the gentle wisdom of More, nor his faults, are found to be associated with the relic that lies of him in the church of Canterbury. We must seek what we have to know of him, and the power of imitating his example, elsewhere than in the relic. And as to Cromwell, I do not know that the happy possessor of his skull finds that he has any portion of the independent will or any of the marvellous toleration which he, perhaps, was the first to introduce into England. Those sort of things, the mere outside and physical part, cannot perpetuate either a man's virtues or his faults. The man who has this skull of Cromwell, if he has not his excellencies, neither has he, I suppose, his wild fanaticism, which could be made so easily subservient to his selfish desire of power; and if the skull of St. Paul himself were placed in the hands of the most skillful physiologist amongst us, I do not know that by all his analysis he could do anything more than give us some vague account of what sort of outward man he was. But in these relics of his writings which you desire to spread throughout the world, we have, as Luther said, things that live; they have hands and feet, and move and live amongst us, and through them, the Spirit of God which breathed in St. Paul descends to breathe in the remotest generations.

Let us be thankful, therefore, that we have these relics of St. Paul, and that we are trying to spread them through the habitable globe. They will do much for the unity of Christendom; more than that, they will do much for the unity of the human race. I was looking yesterday at the life of Mr. Venn, a man whose name will be ever venerated, who from his office in Salisbury Square controlled the missionary efforts of the Church of England throughout the world to their great advantage for so many years; and in his life you will find a speech which he delivered before this society, in this hall, and you will find him testifying that the work of the Bible Society was the gracious patron of the work of missions throughout the world; and it is not right merely to regard the Bible Society as being the handmaid of the missionary societies, but that by dispensing the Scriptures of truth throughout the world, it gives them a help and a power for the conversion of the whole world to the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, such as can be attained by no other means. That God may prosper this work, and in His own time bring us all together,

and prepare the world for His second coming, this is the prayer with which we are gathered together in this hall to-day.

THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF GOD.

Religion and science alike call for the reconciliation of the divine unchangeableness and the divine vitality. Until the two are seen to be not only reconcilable with, but also necessary to, each other, no mere eclecticism, no mere addition of antitheses, will preserve us from falling now into the one extreme, then into the other; now into mere immutability, then into mere vitality; now into pantheism, then into deism. What is needed is a higher principle, which by combining both vitality and immutability shall enable us to retain our hold on the truth and eschew the errors into which there is constant danger of falling.

The notion is very current, indeed, that man is necessarily doomed to inadequate, or even incorrect, representations of God, because in his religious intercourse with his Creator he cannot but reduce Him to finitude and conceive Him in the likeness of man. Whereas logical thought compels us to cast aside what is added by pious emotion, and that which remains is more like the *caput mortuum* of an abstract idea than the God of religion. But to accept an essential contradiction between the real God and the God of faith, between knowledge and the heart, would involve the ruin not only of religion, but also of science; for how vain and restricted must the efforts of science be, if it stand in necessary antagonism to the most essential—yea, central—element of man's spiritual organization. It is, accordingly, one of our fundamental moral duties to hold fast by the belief in the essential harmony of intellect and heart, of man's thought of God and what God veritably is; that is, to regard apparent dissonances as the fruit of sin, and eradicable with their root. And what is this but to say that Christianity has in principle redeemed us from these dissonances? Such confidence becomes alike the Christian and the theologian. The fundamental fact of Christianity—that is, the incarnation of God—is the matter-of-fact solution of the problem of the union of immutability and vitality. The likeness of man to God is not merely confirmed by the God-man, but brought to full reality; and it cannot have full reality without including a knowledge of God. Humanity in union with Christ knows God truly; and, so far from desiring to keep this knowledge to Himself, the God-man yearns for men to whom He can reveal what He knows by the Spirit. As the Christian Church believes Christ to be not merely a new and higher, but the final, complete, consummating revelation of God, it is right to utilize this article of its faith in the *locus de deo*, and inquire whether He who revealed the Father's heart cannot also furnish us with the charm by which to break through the magic circle of the natural life with alternations between deism and pantheism. The depths of God, indeed, are unsearchable, and the recognition of this unsearchableness must ever form part of our knowledge of God. No theology can be healthy which overlooks the distinction between faith and vision. But this is not inconsistent with the requirement of Christianity that we believe in the possibility of a reconciliation between the heart and the intellect. Indeed, the apostle Paul teaches us that the germ of such a reconciliation is implanted in the hearts of Christians, when he speaks of "the eyes of our hearts being enlightened" (Eph. i. 18) by faith. The great aim of Christian theology should be to give ever clearer and more scientific expression to that which faith contains within itself, to that which the eye of the believing soul sees, in order that we may arrive increasingly at a doctrine of God which by harmoniously combining all the heights and depths of the divine nature shall be fitted to cast to the moles and the bats as intellectual idols all unchristian views. Surely the Spirit of the Son which we receive must be able, on the one hand, to free our minds from every element of false anthropomorphism, and to show us where and how far it impedes the divine life in our souls; whilst, on the other hand, He will teach us to recognize those anthropomorphisms on which the religious

mind may and must retain its hold, as something divinely rational. As Jacobi said, "God theomorphized when He made man, and therefore man anthropomorphizes when He conceives God."

The True Seat of The Divine Immutability—God is not unchangeable, as we have seen, in His relation to time and space, in His knowledge and volition of the world, in His counsels. On the contrary, in all these respects, He undergoes movement and change, and suffers Himself to be conditioned,—without detriment, however, to that immutability which is required by religion and science. What, then, is the essence, what is the centre of the divine unchangeableness which we are compelled to ascribe to God, and which is the norm—nay, more, the source—of the changes whose shadow is cast into Him by the world? Wherein consists, further, the divine vitality? Not in His taking upon Himself the "fate of finitude," not in His being or becoming a mere potency which restlessly gives itself reality. A vitality purchased at the price of such a self-negation would be the opposite of the absolutely actual vitality which we need; it would be partial slumber. Where, then, shall we seek the essence, the centre, of the divine vitality?

We answer, the divine immutability and the divine vitality have one and the same centre. This centre we must seek not in the being and life of God as such,—for these in themselves are but physical categories which logically conduct us alternately either to deism or pantheism,—but in His ethical nature. His moral nature is the true copula of eternal rest and eternal motion, of unchangeable self-sameness and of the most intense vitality. Here we have, on the one hand, the irremovable norm of that which is eternally abiding; on the other, the principle of the changes by which the spiritual life of God is capable of being affected.—*Dr. Dörner, translated for The Bibliotheca Sacra, for April, 1879.*

"NO CHURCH—ONLY CHURCHES."

"There is no Church," said a popular preacher "only Churches." It is this error which does so much to promote the "friction" of which the same preacher complains. There is a Church, and that Church is, and ever will be one, unless the New Testament can be made to read that Christ has more than one body. That the Church remains in unity, visible as well as invisible, is quite another thing. But an army is still an army so long as a rallying point, a common cause, and a principle of unity remain; though parts of it be in disorder, some regiments broken, and others fighting wildly, without regard to the general order of battle. "There is no army, only soldiers," spoken on the field would mean total defeat.

We do not object to a full recognition of the actual state of Christendom, its divisions, mutual hindrances, and enmities. We only object to considering this its normal condition. Therefore we protest against all such popular preachers, who are endeavoring to make it out good that the Church does not fulfil its duty, or, rather, that its duty is to complete its own suicide.

We cannot consent in any wise to give up the divine truth of a Church. When men reject this they reject a part of Christianity. Whatever the theory on which independency starts, it becomes unchristian, therefore, when it reaches the point of denying that there is a Church, and falls back on the principle of casual association. It is right that this should be distinctly understood as an issue. No amount of kindly appreciation of the externals of other associations can make up for a denial to them of a place in the one body, and the worst form of that denial is the assertion that there is no body at all. The independent complained of old that he was "unchurched" by prelatical assumptions. The modern independent goes far beyond this by "unchurching" all men, and declaring that there never was, never will be, and never ought to be "a Church." It is impossible not to take issue with this. It is not a question of polity, but of a part of the Creed. We can continue to recognize independents as excellent Christians, and to esteem them very highly for their work's sake, but we cannot accept independency as complete Christianity. Nor do we hold that to be "broad" or "liberal" which, however it may claim to be inclusive, is, in reality destructive.—*The Churchman.*

Family Reading.

SELF-LOVE.

Oh, I could go through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air;
I use my love for others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

In youth, or age, by city, wood, or mountain,
Self is forgotten never;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,
Its waters flow forever.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching
The goal in every race.

Inevitable self! vile imitation
Of universal light,—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right!

ATMOSPHERES.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

Many residents in our cities return from the country every autumn with their health invigorated by breathing the pure country air. Some have been toned up by the oxygen that floats through the mountains; some by the ocean winds that are full of saltiness and strength. Others, again, light upon regions infested by miasma, and they bring back the subtle poison of the malaria in their bones. A good air inspires health; a bad air breeds disease and death. It is not necessary to cite the case of the "Black Hole of Calcutta" to prove that nothing is more deadly than a foul, poisonous atmosphere.

What is true as to physical health is equally true as to spiritual health. No one who observes human nature closely can fail to detect the prodigious influence of atmospheres, holy and unholy, upon character and the destiny of the soul. We are all members one of another. There is an influence that goes forth insensibly from every one of us; and each one feels the influence of his or her surroundings. "What a man is—the sum total of his beliefs, affections, tastes, and habits—is contagious in its tendency." It photographs itself upon others. The parent communicates the moral contagion to the child; the teacher to his pupils; the author to his readers. We may be as totally unconscious of this emanation of good or evil from us as the person who communicates a scarlet fever or a varioloid; yet the fact remains. If we are full of holy light, we can make an atmosphere of cheerful radiance. If our souls are on fire with Christ-love, others will inevitably feel the warmth. A few frigid professors can freeze a prayer-meeting; a few fervid ones can kindle it into a glow. What a tremendous spiritual heat was engendered in a certain upper room in Jerusalem, when the Divine Spirit poured like a wind and a flame into one hundred and twenty hearts! The atmosphere became charged with spiritual power. Those early disciples carried that atmosphere with them and three thousand souls were converted in a day.

We observe the striking influence of atmosphere in certain schools. Dr. Arnold seemed to impress himself so distinctly upon the famous school at Rugby that the atmosphere became favorable to industry, truthfulness, and a high sense of honor. No one can visit the celebrated Mount Holyoke Seminary without detecting at once a subtle pervading influence that is fatal to fashion and frivolity, and yet quickening to spiritual life. The breath of Mary Lyon, its godly, courageous founder, still breathes through the institution; and hence has come that subtle inspiration which has sent over one hundred of its graduates upon foreign missions to India, Africa, and other regions of heathendom. I have known a careless, irresponsible boy to enter a school in which religion was made attractive and pervading. Without being either scolded or rebuked sharply, or even being exhorted, he has soon become changed in character by his surroundings. The steady, prayerful, and godly atmosphere of the school seemed to penetrate and mold his character, as a tonic air gives its vigor to the lungs and purity to the blood. Such a school is a means of grace to a boy or girl and affects those whom even sermons fail to touch.

Nowhere is this subtle influence of moral atmosphere so potent as in the home, which God intended to be the primary training school for the common wealth and the Church. Let me feel assured of a family altar and the pervading influence of God's Word in every household, and I should feel no tremor of anxiety for the future of our Republic. Puritan homes made Puritan character.

Out of many a lowly New England farmhouse, with a rag-carpet on its floor and a few godly books on its table, have gone the Goodells, the Spauldings, and the Mills to our early foreign missions. They have given its best blood to the American pulpit and the American state. It was the religious atmosphere of the home that penetrated the very core of character.

This atmosphere of the household—which either converts to Christ or perverts to fashion, folly, and impiety—is commonly created by the parents. They are responsible for it. If the whole trend of household talk and thought and ambition runs toward money-making, or social convivialities, or general godlessness of any kind, it is the father and mother who give the pitch. Nowhere is it so difficult to make the best preaching or the best Sunday School teaching effective on character as in the malarious air of such a home. As soon expect to rear oranges in Lapland or grow sugar-cane in Labrador as to rear plants of grace in so godless an atmosphere. The parental influence penetrates through the house with as subtle a poison as escaping gas from an ill-built furnace. As Doctor Bushnell has pithily said, in his incomparable book on "Christian Nurture": "Whatever fire the parents kindle, the children are found gathering the wood. They help as either apprentices or accessories." If the father begins the Sabbath with some secular Sunday newspaper, the family will help him read it. If the parents go irregularly to God's house, the children will hardly care to go at all. "If the mother is a scandal-monger, she will make her children tattlers and eavesdroppers. If she directs her servants to say at the door that she is 'not at home,' the children will learn to be polite liars." If the father puts a decanter on his table, the boys will soon begin to practice with the fatal glass. That rich father who disinherited a son for drunkenness, and in the same will bequeathed his wine cellar to certain heirs, gave a very palpable proof of the home atmosphere which had poisoned the poor boy. Parental provocations and ill temper sour the very air of many households, so that the children can hardly escape being cross, snappish and irritable. How can piety breathe in such an air? How can a family be trained up in the knowledge of God's Word, when the Book of Books is seldom opened and the spirit of its instructions is no more known than in the home of a Mussulman? Even in the families of many professors of religion I do not look for any conversions, for I know that the influences of the most faithful discourses will be destroyed by the malaria of the home. It was the atmosphere of Elkanah's and Hannah's godly house that produced a Samuel. It was the wretched air of Eli's house which ruined Hophni and Phineas.

This subject has a wide sweep. There are sudden changes in circumstances that affect the character as powerfully as changes in climate affect bodily health. The rapid accumulation of wealth is carrying some Christians now up into a rarified atmosphere, where it is very hard to maintain their humility, their spiritual-mindedness, and self-denial. Their new associations endanger their piety; but they need not destroy it. Some Christians grow rich and grow in grace at the same time. Some civilians go into the foul atmosphere of politics, and preserve their Christian purity, as Theodore Frelinghuysen preserved his in the American Senate, and as Wilberforce, Gladstone, and Lord-Cancellor Cairns have preserved theirs in the British Parliament. Good men ought to go into political stations, and make themselves felt in all our civil affairs. They ought to purify our civil atmospheres. Daniel was prime-minister in idolatrous and voluptuous Babylon. Prayer was his protector. So may a true child of God go into the heated atmosphere of trade, or the highly-rarified air of wealth, or the sin-polluted air of city life, or anywhere else, safely, if he only carry Christ in his heart and keep the honor of Christ ever before his eyes. Jesus does not mean to take His disciples out of the world; but He is able to keep them from the world's contaminations.—*The Independent*.

THE CHANGING EARTH.

The student of history reads of the great sea fight which King Edward III. fought with the French off Sluys; how in those days the merchant vessels came up to the walls of that flourishing seaport by every tide, and how a century later, a Portuguese fleet conveyed Isabella from Lisbon, and an English fleet brought Margaret of York from the Thames, to marry successive Dukes of Burgundy at the port of Sluys. In our time, if a modern traveler drives twelve miles out of Bruges, across the Dutch frontier, he will find a small agricultural town surrounded by cornfields and meadows and clumps of trees, whence

the sea is not in sight from the top of the town hall steeple. This is Sluys. Once more. We turn to the great Baie du Mont Saint Michel, between Normandy and Brittany. In Roman annals we read of the vast forest called "Sietium Nemus," in the centre of which an isolated rock arose, surmounted by a temple of Jupiter—once a college of Druidesses. Now the same rock, with its glorious pile dedicated to St. Michel, is surrounded by the sea at high tides. The story of this transformation is even more striking than that of Sluys, and its adequate narration justly earned for M. Malet the gold medal of the French Geographical Society in 1828. Once again. Let us turn for a moment to the Mediterranean shores of Spain and the mountains of Murcia. Those rocky heights, whose peaks stand out against the deep blue sky, scarcely support a blade of vegetation. The algarobas and olives at their bases are artificially supplied with soil. It is scarcely credible that these are the same mountains which, according to the forest book of King Alphonso el Sabio, were once clothed to their summits with pines and other forest trees, while soft clouds and mist hung over a rounded shaggy outline of wood where now the naked rocks make a hard line against the burnished sky. But Arab and Spanish chroniclers alike record the facts, and geographical science explains the cause. There is scarcely a district in the whole range of the civilized world where some equally interesting geographical story has not been recorded, and where the same valuable lessons may not be taught. This is comparative geography.

HE ALSO SERVES WHO WAITS.

I once knew a working man, a potter by business, who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of crimson glass, indeed anything that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give a color in the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental Scotchman; but never went he home at nightfall without some toy or trinket, showing he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in. I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that boy so much. Still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and teacups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down the sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a ruder scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat, where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you, seriously, that entire pottery full of men, of rather coarse fibre by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing, as the weary look on the patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it up on the sanded plank to dry; thus he could come later and go earlier. So, when the bell tolled, and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right around the corner out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart working-men from the pottery with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.—*Methodist Protestant*.

A BAD GIRL TO MARRY.

A bad daughter, says an exchange, seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at her brothers and sisters, and "shirks" her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched. There are girls who fancy themselves so far superior to their parents that the mere privilege of enjoying their society in the house ought to be all the old people should have the assurance to ask. While their mothers are busy with domestic duties they sit in the easiest chair or lie on the softest sofas, feeding on cheap and trashy novels, and cherish the notion that they are very literary individuals. The household drudgery is too coarse for such fine ladies as they. Girls of this sort are generally very anxious to be married

that they may escape the disagreeableness of a home where they are held more or less under subjection. A caller who doesn't have the chance to see how they behave as daughters may be excused for fancying them lovely and lovable beings; but one who does see it is foolish if he commits himself by offering marriage to a girl of this sort. If she will not assist her mother in the domestic labors, is she not likely to be equally slothful and ill-tempered when she marries? If she now thinks herself too fine to work, is it safe to expect that her views as to that matter would radically change if she became a wife?

DON'T LOSE FAITH.

Above all things, let us never lose faith in God. It is the saddest consequence of financial disasters, that those who suffer by them sometimes make shipwreck of their faith. They exaggerate their troubles to that extent that their private loss or misfortune seems like a public calamity; and because they suffer some petty personal inconvenience or privation, they think that all the foundations of the earth are out of course. Because a few clouds gather in the sky the whole firmament is darkened, and they think that the stars have fallen from heaven. O foolish man! Lift up your eyes, and behold the clouds flee away, and the stars will soon be seen shining clearly and serenely in the heavens. These passing clouds are but for a moment, and they may be most blessed in our experience, if they bring us nearer to the only true source of light—nearer to God.

GOD'S WAY.

The old eagle, in teaching her young to fly, removes the lining of the nest so as to leave nothing but the rough framework of sticks—"stirring up her nest"—and thus makes it an uncomfortable place for them. She flattereth her wings over them; taketh them on her wings; beareth them high in the air and then escapes from under them, and leaves them to fly without support until tired and fearful, when the old eagle flies beneath them and takes them again on her wings, not only as a support, but so that the archer can neither hurt nor destroy. So the Lord leads His people. The place we have chosen for our nest He makes uncomfortable for us. By affliction and misfortune He stirreth up our nests, and when, like Peter, going down beneath the waves, He bears us up; tries again our strength and confidence in Him, and so teaches us to mount up with wings as eagles—to run, and not be weary; to walk, and faint not.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every man's shoulder,
None may escape from its trouble and care;
Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every-day toil is every-day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may stare;
Weak is the back upon which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter,
Just when we mourn there are none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And, somehow or other, we get to the end.

—Victoria Magazine.

A MOTHER'S VOICE.

A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking saloon one day, just as the keeper of it was turning a man into the street. He was quite young, but very pale. His haggard face and wild eyes showed that he had been drinking, and was far gone on the road to ruin. He was swearing dreadfully and shaking his clenched fist at the man who had thrust him out of the saloon. He was so blinded by passion that he did not notice the lady who stood near him, till she laid her hand on him and asked, in a gentle, loving voice, "What is the matter?"

The young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him. He turned quickly around, paler than before, and trembled from head to foot. He looked at the lady for a moment, and then said, "O, I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it. But her voice has long been hushed in death."

"You had a mother, then, who loved you?" said the lady.

He burst into tears as he said, "Oh, yes; I had an aged mother, and she loved her boy. But since she died, everything has gone against me. I am lost—lost to everything that is good—lost forever."

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful and gracious, and His pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in a low, sweet voice; and her words seemed to have a wonderful effect upon the young man.

As the lady passed on her way, the young man followed her. He noticed the number of the house she entered, and wrote down in his pocket-book the name that was on the door-plate. Then he went on his way with new thoughts and feelings stirred in his breast.

Years passed away, and the kind lady had forgotten all about the incident, when one day a stranger called at her house and sent up his card asking permission to speak with her. Wondering who it could be, she went down to the parlor, and found a noble-looking, well-dressed gentleman. He rose respectfully to meet her, and holding out his hand, said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this liberty; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," he said, in a trembling voice.

"I am puzzled to know what you mean, sir," said the lady, "for I do not remember to have ever seen you before."

"I have changed so much," said the young man, "that I do not wonder you have forgotten me. But though I only saw you once, I should have known you anywhere. And your voice, too, is so much like—my mother's."

The moment these last words were spoken, the lady remembered the poor young man to whom she had kindly spoken in front of the drinking saloon so long before. She saw him weeping, and she wept with him.

Presently, the gentleman wiped away his tears, sat down, and told the lady that the few gentle words that she spoke to him on that day had been the means of saving him from ruin, and of making him a useful man.

"Those words, 'Not lost forever,' followed me," he said, "wherever I went; and it always seemed to me like my mother's voice speaking to me from the grave. I have repented of my sins, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would like to have me live; and I am thankful to say that, by the grace of God, I have been able to resist temptation and do some good in the world."

"I never dreamed there was so much power in a few kind words," said the lady.

But we know there is. There is great power in gentleness. And this is a good reason why we should learn and practice this lesson of gentleness.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

BLACK BEAN OR MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—One pint of black beans soaked over night in cold water. Strain off the water in the morning; add fresh cold water and an onion with ten cloves stuck in it. Boil till the beans are very tender, then strain through a colander; add beef stock or not as is convenient; boil up, season with pepper and salt, and serve with slices of lemon or not, as you fancy.

TOMATO CHOWDER.—Soak a peck of green tomatoes in salt and water twenty-four hours, then chop quite fine, adding four onions, and mix with them a teaspoonful of white mustard-seed. Scald enough good vinegar to cover them; tie up loosely in a muslin bag enough pepper-corns, cloves and allspice to spice it to suit the taste, and put to the vinegar while heating it. When just ready to boil pour the vinegar over the tomatoes and stop the jar closely, and put in a cool, dark closet.

GALL SOAP, EXCELLENT FOR CARPETS.—Cut finely one and a half pounds of common brown soap; put it in an earthen pan with two beef galls, and place it over a slow fire, stirring frequently with a stick until dissolved; then remove from the fire and put away to cool and harden. Take it out of the pan, cut it, and allow it to dry on a board. The vessel must not be used for any other purpose. This soap will be found most excellent for removing stains and grease from carpets.

MENDING WITH PLASTER.—If the wall cracks in any part of the house get five cents' worth of dry plaster of Paris, wet with cold water and rub into the cracks with your finger. Rub till it is smooth. Bad nail holes in the walls may be filled in the same way and look just as well as if a plasterer had been sent for and a bill to be paid.

If the top of a lamp becomes loose take it off, wash it with soap and water, wash the glass also to remove all the grease, then spread the wet plaster around the glass; put the brass top on quickly before the plaster has time to harden; let it stand till quite firm, and it will be ready for use. Kerosene softens the plaster, and therefore lamps should not be filled quite full.

Miscellaneous.

SEPARATION.

A wall grown up between the two—
A strong thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were wide apart,
Although they shared one board, one bed:
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew more unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference worse than hate
Changed love's pure gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;
The wall pressed heavily on her heart;
Her white face showed her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day
'Twixt man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend;
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a taunting tone—
Such things as these, before we know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

—Springfield Republican.

SOME OF THE PECULIAR BELIEFS AND TRADITIONS OF THE TURKS.

They abhor bells, which they say draw together evil spirits—the very opposite of the old European notion, which was that the sound of bells drove evil spirits away. For bells the Moslems have men called Muezzins, who are stationed in the little balconies round the tops of the tall minarets, and who call out five times a day to the people to come to prayers. Their cry is, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God." Moslems must pray five times a day, wherever they are. At home, in the shops, in the street, or on a journey, when the proper hour comes, they fall down on their knees, and go through their prayers and prostrations. One day several of them called on the writer about 2 P. M., and after some conversation one of them rose and said to his companions, "I must pray." They asked him why, for it was not the hour of prayer. His answer was, "When I went to the mosque at noon to pray, I had an ink spot on my finger-nail, and did not perceive it till I left; so my prayer was of no account. I have just scraped it off, so must repeat my noon-tide prayer." He then spread his cloak upon the floor, and, kneeling on it with his face towards Mecca, began his prayers, while his friends amused themselves by talking about his strictness. One of them said, "He thinks he is holy, but if we saw the inside of him you would find him as black as pitch." He kept his head turned to hear what was said, and, on concluding, disputed a remark made by some one while he was praying.

Belief in the evil eye is very prevalent in Western Asia, as it is in Northern Africa, and even in Italy and Spain. One day the friends of a lady who had a baby called to see her. The moment they saw the child they all cried in Arabic, "The name of Allah be upon him!" This was to avert the evil eye. Dr. Meshaka, of Damascus, says of those who entertain this belief, that they "think certain people have the power of killing others by a glance of the eye. Others inflict injury by the eye. Others pick grapes by merely looking at them. This power may rest in one eye, and a man who thought he had it veiled one eye, out of compassion for others. The Moslem Sheiks and others profess to cure the evil eye and prevent its effects by writing mystic talismanic words on papers, which are to be worn. Others write the words on an egg, and then strike the forehead of the evil-eyed with the egg." When a new house is built, the workmen hang up an egg-shell or a piece of alum, or an old root, or a donkey's skull, in the front door, to keep off the evil eye. The Moslem women leave their children ragged and dirty to keep people from admiring them, and thus smiting them with the evil eye. We are sorry to add that they think blue eyes especially dangerous. They believe the name of God, or Allah, a charm against evil, and repeat it as such; but they have some terrible imprecations against those who are thought to smite with the evil eye.

Near Tripoli there is what is called the convent of the sacred fish. It is a large high building, with a snow-white dome, and a great sycamore tree stands by the side of a crystal-pool of water. Here may be seen a crowd of Moslem boys, who have come from Tripoli to feed the sacred fish, and to play on the green lawn. The old Sheik who keeps the place has much faith in the fish. He says they are all Moslems, and are inhabited by the souls of Moslem saints. One black fish, the sheik of the saints, does not often show himself, but other fish may be counted by hundreds of thousands, and resemble dace or chub. The custodian says that during the

Crimean war many of the older fish went off under the sea to Sebastopol and fought the Russians, and that some of them came back wounded. The people think that any one who eats the fish will die immediately, but Dr. Jessup says that the American Consul in 1856 had some caught and cooked. They proved coarse and unpalatable, but not injurious.

They have sacred places as well as sacred fish, and there are also sacred trees, about one of which a little story is told. A few years ago a little girl went to a mountain village, where there was an oak tree standing alone by the hill-side, and looked on with reverence. When the girl came to the tree she saw the ground under it covered with branches which had fallen off. As wood is so scarce, she asked the people why they left this to rot on the ground. They told her they dared not take it, for the tree belonged to Moses, the prophet, who protected the tree; and if any one took the tree he would fall dead. She said:—"Moses is in heaven, and does not live in oak trees; and if he did, he is a good man, and would not hurt me for burning up old dry sticks." So she asked them if she might have some. They said yes, if she dared take it. She did take as much as she could carry home, and they screamed, and told her to drop it or it would kill her. But she went on, felt no harm, and came back for the rest. The girl had been taught in a mission school, and hence her superiority to such an idle superstition.—*London Queen.*

BEQUESTS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The British Museum trustees have had a long time to wait for a large sum of money, which they knew must come to them some day, and it has come at last. Fifty seven years ago a barrister, named William White, of Bedford Square, died, after bequeathing the bulk of his property to the trustees, who were to enter into possession upon the death of the testator's widow. That widowhood lasted from 1825 to 1879, and then the trustees received stock representing £63,941 13s. 10d., and dividends have accrued during the past year amounting to £1299. The legacy duty came to £6369; that has been the principal expenditure so far, and there remains a balance for the ensuing year of £57,964. But the beginning has been made in the application of this bequest to museum purposes, and £618 has been paid on account for the erection of sheds in the inner quadrangle of the museum for the reception of sculptures recently housed under the museum portico. The trustees intend to spend more of this bequest in building. They propose making a substantial addition to the southeastern side of the museum and an extension of the gallery for the exhibition of Greek sculpture, and the latter work is to be proceeded with at once. The accounts of the museum, ordered by the House of Commons on the 21 inst. for the year ending March 31, 1880, contain particulars of the administration of four more special funds. A bequest of the Earl of Bridgewater amounts to £13,117 in 3 per cent. consols, which yielded, together with a balance in hand, an income of £769. This was mainly expended in the purchase of manuscripts and the salary of the Egerton librarian. The Farnborough fund of £2872, with an income of £184, was also devoted to the purchase of manuscripts. The Swiney fund of £5369, income £343, provides the salary of the lecturer on geology, and the Birch fund of £563, income £16 18s. 3d., goes to swell the incomes of the three under-librarians, whose offices existed in 1776, when the bequest was made.—*London Echo.*

SUMMER IN NEW YORK CITY.

So many people have not been out of town, it is said, for twelve to fifteen years as there are now. They are not greatly missed in the lower part of the city, though any practiced eye can at once detect the difference between the throng and the movement in South Beaver, Broad or William street at present and in spring or autumn. But in the upper part anywhere between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets, between Lexington and Sixth avenues, the contrast is most marked. The immediate region of Park, Madison and Fifth avenues appears to be wholly deserted. Entire blocks of dwellings are closed, bolted, barred; the front doors of many are boarded up, and dark green curtains drawn closely down at the windows. It is not intended, evidently, that there shall be any doubt whether the usual occupants are home or not. It is really melancholy to walk through those forsaken precincts; there is always something sad about a tenanted home, for the houses show like gigantic tombs, or rather, like grim, embalmed bodies, from which the spirit and the life have

departed. The great hotels of the quarter, albeit they have considerable patronage, have lost their wonted stir and animation. The clubs are pathetic in their loneliness. They stand with wide-open doors and windows, as if entreating somebody to enter and keep them company. Occasionally one of the can't-get-aways creeps up the steps, and stalks, ghostlike, into the drawing-room or library, only to meet absolute vacancy. He can seldom find a living soul, unless it be a servant dozing in the restaurant or the hall boy disturbing the swarm of flies with his nodding head. He may see a member unaccountably delayed or left over, and though he may have no personal acquaintance with him, his heart in such weather as this at once melts to him from a sense of benevolence and companionship. He accosts his fellow in solitude, asks him to smoke or drink a glass of wine, makes talk, and discovers how interesting any man may be when nobody else is accessible. It is well for those doomed to swelter here at this season that they are employed. If they were not detained by duty or business, they would surely be away. Unless employed, they would find it dull and dreary enough. There is really no place to go and nobody to see. The places of amusement are shut, music is banished, society has removed, entertainment is impossible. One manages tolerably if one can slip off to the country or the seashore after business hours are over, for then one can have a change and fresh air. Thousands of New Yorkers enjoy this grateful privilege, but they who are kept in town night and day are ill-starred. It cannot help suffering from ennui. It is too hot to walk out, too hot to read, too hot to think, too hot to sleep, too hot to do anything. One must, perforce, do nothing then, and doing nothing is, as every American knows, the hardest of work. In a certain sense, everybody is out of town, as any one who tries to hunt up any of his friends or acquaintances will learn. There are nearly 1,250,000 people on Manhattan Island; only 60,000 to 70,000 are, it is estimated, absent for the summer, but these are of a class whose absence is vividly missed.—*N. Y. Times.*

A QUEER WATER POWER.

In the neighborhood of Argostoli, in the Ionian Islands, a water power is utilized in a peculiar manner. At four points on the coast, the sea, at its ordinary level, enters a very narrow creek, or broken rocky channel, and after running somewhat rapidly through this channel and among broken fragments of rock, for a short distance it gradually becomes sucked into the earth and disappears. By conducting the water through an artificial canal for a few yards, and so regulating its course and forcing all the water that enters to pass in a single stream beneath an undershot wheel, power enough is obtained in two cases to drive a mill. Mills have, in fact, been placed there by an enterprising Englishman, and are constantly at work. The stream, after being utilized, is allowed to take its natural channel, and is lost among the rocks.

OUR WHEAT.

The Chicago Tribune, in discussing the wheat crop of the United States and the amount that will be required for export, says:—"Our last crop of wheat was supposed to be somewhere about 450,000,000 bushels (it is ridiculous to attempt to foot it up to within 1000 bushels) We had 30,000,000 of the old crop left over a year ago, against 10,000,000 bushels now; the old wheat being much more closely drained from the farm now than then. That is, the people of the United States have, within twelve months consumed and sold some 470,000,000 bushels, and have practically none left to compete with the wheat of the new crop. It is exceedingly doubtful if that new crop will foot up more than 470,000,000 bushels, and if it should, the overplus will not be a terrible burden to the people obliged to hold it—if they should be obliged to hold it over into another crop year. We have not, at present, any good reason to expect that the demands of Europe upon the United States for bread will be much, if any smaller than a year ago. There is not, therefore, any present ground for alarm in regard to a superabundance of wheat. There is plenty of it; enough to kill the ambitions of those who would like to see Europe forced to pay more than fifty shillings per quarter for it; not enough to warrant the bearing of it to a point which will not pay for the cost of producing it. The people who are croaking about overproduction do the same thing every year. Twelve months ago they said we had some 80,000,000 bushels more than we could get rid of. They miscalculated the facts in the case to the extent of 100,000,000 bushels. That is enough to show that

they could not then grasp the situation, and there is no reason to think that they are any more competent now. Fortunately, their vaticinations do not seriously affect the matter. The wheat goes forward while the statisticians are proving that there is no place for it to go to, just as serenely as the moon rolled on when the dog was baying at it."

A GIGANTIC FLOWER.

Sumatra carries away the palm in producing a plant whose bloom surpasses all others in size. Signor E. Beccari, an Italian, has given to this plant the name of *Canophallus titanum*. Its flowers completely obscure the blossom of the Victoria Regia. According to the published description of this plant, the swell of the spathe is 32½ inches in diameter, and the naked portions of the spadix measure no less than 5½ feet. The color of the spathe is a brownish purple-red, and that of the spadix a dirty yellow, as is generally the case with flowers which, like the *Canophallus* and the *Rafflesia*, attract, by their peculiar odor, insects and animals feeding on carrion. The tuft of this plant, of which, at first, Beccari only succeeded in finding one specimen, was 3½ feet in circumference, and so heavy that two strong men could scarcely manage to carry it; its single leaf had a stalk 10½ feet long, and 34 inches in circumference at its base. The leaf stem is smooth, green, and thickly covered with circular white spots. The three branches into which this stem is divided at its upper end, were as thick as a man's leg, and by repeated subdivisions, form a spread over 8 feet long, supporting a leaf whose superficial surface exceeds fifteen square yards. The stalk of the fruit is about the same thickness as the leaf stem, and in the example found by Beccari the fruit-bearing portion of it was 20 inches long by 30 inches in circumference, and thickly covered with olive-shaped fruit of a reddish color.

Selections.

We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beautiful soul! when the storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.—*Richter.*

Every object in nature is impressed with God's footsteps, and every day repeats the wonders of creation. There is not an object, be it pebble or pearl, weed or rose, the flower-spangled sward beneath, or the star-spangled sky above, not a worm or an angel, a drop of water or a boundless ocean, in which intelligence may not discern, and piety adore, the providence of Him who took our nature that He might save our souls.—*Guthrie.*

Self love leads us to do certain things because we choose them for ourselves, although we would not do them at another's bidding, or from mere obedience. If things are our own originating, we like them, but not when they come through other people. Self is forever seeking self, self-will and self-love; but if we were perfect in the love of God, we should prefer to obey, because in obedience there is more of God and less of self. *S. Francis de Sales.*

Science and Art.

The efforts of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, London, have been aided with regard to St. Mark's church, Venice, by the support of a large and educated body of Italians, who deprecate the treatment to which that building has been subjected.

HEARING BELLS AT A DISTANCE.—The largest bell ever made in this country weighed 22,000 pounds, says the *Scientific American*, and before it was fractured hung on the City Hall in New York. On one or two occasions this bell was heard up the Hudson River thirteen miles, in the night, when the city was comparatively quiet. Water is a good conductor of sound, and aided materially in making the bell heard as above mentioned. It is a great mistake to suppose that bells can be heard in proportion to their weight; that is, a bell of 2,000 pounds will be heard twice as far as one of 1,000 pounds. This is not so. A bell of 100 or 200 pounds in an open belfry on a school-house or factory in the country is frequently heard at a long distance. Out of all proportion, apparently, to one of 1,000 pounds in a church tower near by. The reason for this is that the small bell has a sharp, shrill, penetrating sound that must of necessity be heard a great deal further in proportion to its weight than the low, mellow, "church-going" sound of the church bell. The same principle applies to the whistle of a locomotive, which is heard a long distance simply because its tone is shrill and penetrating. When hung stationary and struck, or tolled, a bell will not be heard, as a rule, half as far as when swung. The swinging motion throws all the sound off; but imparts to it a richness that is always absent when the bell is at rest when struck. A great deal is to be gained by ringing a bell properly.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.—Prof. Patterson, superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, says the reason why the needle points in the northerly direction, is that the earth in itself is a magnet, attracting the magnetic needle as the ordinary magnets do; and the earth is a magnet as the result of certain cosmic facts, much affected by the action of the sun. These laws have periodicities, all of which have not as yet been determined. The inherent and ultimate reason of the existence

of any fact in nature—as gravity, light, heat—is not known further than that it is in harmony with all facts in nature; even an earthquake is in perfect harmony with, and the direct resultant of, the action of forces acting under general laws. A condensed explanation in regard to the needle pointing to the northward and southward, is as follows: The magnetic poles of the earth do not coincide with the geographical poles. The axis of rotation makes an angle of about twenty-three degrees with a line joining the former. The northern magnetic pole is at present near the Arctic circle, on the meridian of Omaha. Hence the needle does not everywhere point to the astronomical north, and is constantly varying within certain limits. At San Francisco it points about seventeen degrees to the east of north; and at Calais, Maine, as much to the west. At the northern magnetic pole a balanced needle points with its north end downwards in a plumb line; at San Francisco it dips about sixty-three degrees; and at the southern magnetic pole the south end points directly down. The action of the earth upon a magnetic needle at its surface is of about the same force as that of a hard steel magnet, forty inches long, strongly magnetized, at a distance of one foot. Of course no ultimate reason can be given for this natural fact, any more than for any other observed fact.

Personal.

Mr. Tennyson is taking a long journey through Italy and Switzerland.

Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley received, in South Africa, a salary amounting to about \$46,000 a year.

Elizabeth of Austria is said to be one of the most cultivated sovereigns in the world. She draws beautifully, is a good musician, and speaks fluently all the languages of modern Europe. She is fond of literature, and among her attendants has readers in various languages, to whom she enjoys listening. She is not very popular among the ladies of the court circle, since she has no taste for small chatter and fashionable amusements. She employs her time with her drawing, embroidery, reading, and, last, but not least, in playing with her little daughter, Valerie, of whom she is passionately fond.

Farm and Garden.

Hay is improved very much by keeping it in the cock the second day, opening it and housing it the third. If it were not for the risk of having it out in a storm we should always prefer to have it stand the second day than to spread it and get it in the barn.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

THE FATTENING PROCESS.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* says: "A lean cow or ox is in a very different condition, chemically considered, from fat animals of the same kind. In the first place, the poor animal consists of about two-thirds water, the fat one of only half; that is, in total weight. A fat animal is in a dry condition; a poor animal is like some of our bog meadows, very wet. When the fattening process begins, water commences to disappear, and fat or suet takes its place; and the increase in bulk during the process is largely of adipose matter. It is a curious circumstance that during fattening the proteids, or nitrogenous compounds, increase only about 7 per cent., and the bone material or inorganic substances only 1½ per cent. The cost to a farmer of fattening an ox is much greater at the close of the process than at the commencement; that is, increase in bulk or dry weight at that period is much more costly. If it costs three cents a pound for bulk, for the first month after a poor animal is put in a fattening stall, it will cost six cents the last month. If then a farmer consults his money interests, he will not carry the increase in fat beyond a certain point, provided he can turn his partially fattened animals to fair advantage. Farmers have perhaps learned this fact from experience and observation, and hence comparatively lean beef abounds in our markets. Whilst this is of advantage to the farmer, it is very disadvantageous to consumers of the beef, for the flesh of a fat animal in every case is much richer in fixed, nourishing material than that of the lean, and it is never good economy to purchase lean beef. It is better to purchase the poorest parts of a fat animal than the best of a lean one. The best piece of a fat ox (the loin) contains from 21 to 23 per cent. more fixed materials than the corresponding piece in a lean one, and, curiously enough, the worst piece in the lean animal (the neck) is the richest in nourishing material. The flesh of the neck improves very little in fattening, hence, economy considered, it is the best portion to purchase, as its value is in a measure a fixed one."

THE FLAVOR OF MEATS.—M. Monclair, a noted agriculturist in France, has suggested a singular plan for varying the flavor of meat. He imagines that by feeding cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, in a particular way, or rather by flavoring their foods in various ways, their flesh may be rendered much more agreeable to the palate than it often is, and there can be no doubt that he is substantially right. Thus, for instance, it is well known that poultry which have been fattened upon food containing a slight admixture of chopped truffles are far better tasted than those chickens which have been stuffed or larded with truffles after they are killed. It is only natural that such should be the case, for the flavor of the truffle that is consumed by the chicken permeates the whole system, which it cannot do when simply placed in the carcass. M. Monclair instances cases in which hares killed in a wormwood field, larks shot in a cabbage field, and eggs laid by hens which had eaten diseased silk-worms, had such a nauseous taste that no one could touch them; while, on the other hand, some ducks and fieldfares which had fed upon some sprigs of juniper, had a delicious flavor. He has made several experiments—among others, three upon tame rabbits, which he fed with the waste of anise seed, with barley and bran containing a little essence of thyme. In each case he found that the flesh of these animals was far better eating than that of rabbits fattened in the ordinary way, and yet that there was no trace of anise seed or juniper in the taste. His conclusion is that cattle, sheep, and pigs might be fed in the same way, and that, by varying the flavoring matter, the beef, mutton and pork might be made to have several different tastes.—*Chicago Times.*

The Messenger.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.
For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1880.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

An event to which attention should be directed in advance, will be the meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, to assemble in this city on the 23d proximo. The day previous will be devoted to the formal reception of delegates.

The Council will be of interest more especially in its bearing upon the question of Church union, and we anticipate some good results from it, as it will help to better understandings and aid Christians in appreciating their doctrinal relations to one another.

One good feature of the meeting will be that it will bring men to a formal recognition of points of agreement, rather than of divergence. The differences among men have been largely emphasized of late years, and this may have had its importance too; but it is high time to inquire whether Christians have not, after all, a common ground of faith, and whether their divergences upon non-essentials should prevent a closer union.

We have but little confidence in any union, that is the outgrowth of laxity of doctrine. Such latitudinarianism is demoralizing. Its logical tendency is to yield the truth for mere expediency, and to drift into unsatisfying vagueness, which leaves faith no objective facts to lay hold of. But intelligent, appreciative Christians see that whirlpool and are anxious to avoid it, while they keep clear of the rocks on the other side. They are in better condition to do this than they were a few years ago. Those who are governed by ambition or malice, or even honest pride of opinion, may still put forth claims to exclusive orthodoxy on all points, and be satisfied with nothing short of condemnatory deliverances, but catholic-hearted men will seek something positive which, although not new, calls for reassertion.

We are certain, from all we can see and hear, that the Person and Work of Christ and the truth and power of His Gospel will be the standing-ground upon which all will be anxious to place their feet, and that they will find that in other matters they have only been looking at the shield from different points of observation. This will bring them nearer together in the common work of building up the kingdom of Christ.

We are confident, too, that some better understanding among churches of the Presbyterian family will disabuse the minds and disarm the prejudice which has had such bad effect within the bosom of our own denomination, and place us in a better light.

The only shadows that now forecast disturbing events, grow out of the alleged cases of heresy in the Free Church of Scotland, and out of matters pertaining to public worship. The failure of the Scottish Assembly to convict Prof. Robertson Smith of heresy, is looked upon by many as an endorsement of his views, and the criticisms made by Dr. Dabney, may raise the question whether representatives of that body are sound enough upon the inspiration of the Scriptures, to be admitted to the Conference. We have yet hope that there has been some misapprehension on this subject, and we are certain that when the facts are known, the Council will utter no uncertain sound on a subject of such vital importance. The other question has been already raised by certain ministers of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, who have scruples about joining with those who use "uninspired songs" in singing the praises of God. The Assembly of that

Church has, however, refused to take action upon the subject, and will leave the matter open.

Whether the interests of our people have been greatly enlisted in this subject or not, their prayers should be that the Great Head of the Church will direct the movements of the Council, and overrule all for good.

FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE INQUISITION.

The Spanish Inquisition, looked upon in the light of subsequent history, is so appalling that even the successors of those who instituted it try to excuse it, by referring it to dark ages. We do not suppose any pope or prelate of the Romish Church would now come out in a bold defence of it. All who are forced to admit the facts of the case, try to palliate them under the plea that men were carried away by ungovernable zeal. And yet on the 1st of July, in this year of grace 1880, a small number of zealous in Spain celebrated with considerable solemnity the four hundredth anniversary of its establishment. On that day in 1480 the Spanish Cortes then assembled at Toledo, adopted a proposition, submitted to it by Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza with the approbation of King Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, to constitute a tribunal of faith which should be empowered to punish heretics, and passed a law to that effect by a majority of their numbers. Their Majesties forthwith appointed two Chief Inquisitors, who were, however, superseded shortly afterward. Thomas de Torquemada, who was nominated Grand Inquisitor in their stead, is said to have burned eight thousand eight hundred heretics in different parts of Spain. His successors did their best to emulate his fervent activity, the gross result of their endeavors being that, down to the year 1808, when the office was finally abolished in the Iberian Peninsula, thirty-one thousand nine hundred and twelve men and women had been burnt alive by the officers of the Spanish Inquisition.

OUR RETURN TRIP.

We left Suspension Bridge on our return-trip from Canada, on Saturday, 4 20 A. M., August 7th, in one of the cars on the New York Central Railroad, which we occupied as far as Lyons, New York. The train had not passed many stations, before it began to take up additional cars filled with excursionists destined for Watkins Glen, to which others were added at almost every successive station, until the train became full a quarter of a mile in length before it reached Rochester, at which point the excursion portion of the train was switched off on another road.

In the history of our continent, the rage for excursions was never so great as it has been this summer. We came in contact with them at various points both in Canada and in the States. They are often a nuisance to the regular traveler, especially when they are hitched to the regular trains, thus causing sometimes vexatious delay, as was our experience, especially in Canada, where we were detained on our return from London, fully one hour at Hamilton, near the end of our route, by an excursion train to the Falls, containing in two sections some two thousand excursionists.

Though more than a half hour behind time at Rochester, the loss was nearly made up on arriving at Lyons, a distance of thirty-five miles. From Rochester the New York Central Railroad has four tracks, furnishing thus special facilities for safe and fast traveling. At Lyons, we entered the comfortable car on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which is marked for Philadelphia, and passed on to Geneva, and from thence east between Seneca and Cayuga lakes to Sayre. The country between these two lakes is very beautiful, and contains several prosperous towns, the most important of which is Ithaca, at the upper end of the Cayuga lake. This handsome town is the seat of the celebrated literary institution, known as Cornell University. The buildings, which are extensive, occupy an elevation on the verge of the town, and are plainly seen from the railroad.

At Sayre, which is near the line be-

tween New York and Pennsylvania, we were detained fully three fourths of an hour, waiting on the train coming from the direction of Elmira, which here connects with the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Wilkesbarre, however, was reached only ten minutes after regular time, 5 35 P. M., at which place we had arranged to remain over Sunday. Rev. F. K. Levan, the pastor of the Reformed church in the place, met us at the depot and took us to his hospitable home, where we were most kindly entertained during our stay in that city. On Sunday evening we preached for him, he himself holding service in the German language in the morning. Respectable audiences were present on each occasion. We also visited the Sunday-school in the afternoon, which contains a large number of scholars.

Monday was devoted, under the lead of the pastor, to sight-seeing, through the city, and to a ride, in a comfortable phaeton kindly placed at our service by T. R. Martin, Esq., a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, some five or six miles up and down the Wyoming Valley, taking both sides of the river in our route. Wyoming Valley has been long celebrated for its beauty and fertility, as well as general thrift. In regard to the correctness of this representation, we had full opportunity to satisfy ourself. The corn crop is very promising, and the orchards, as well as along the whole line of the Susquehanna over which we passed, are literally borne down with fruit, promising an unusually abundant crop. A number of events of historic interest are associated with this valley, among which is prominent the massacre of some twenty-six persons in a fort by the Indians, a large monument in memory of which has been erected near the location of the fort. It is a massive and imposing structure.

Wilkesbarre itself is a much larger and finer city than we had any idea of, from merely passing through it on the railroad. The late census showed a population of nearly twenty-four thousand, and were the population of the various towns in the immediate vicinity, which might properly be regarded as forming its suburbs, to be added, the number would be increased to nearly one-half more than it is. It has a large number of magnificent dwellings in different parts of the city, especially in the part bordering on the river, which indicate their occupants to be men of wealth. Capacious stores are also found on some of the principal streets, which do an extensive business in their different lines. The coal trade, especially in times when it is active, adds much to the life and prosperity of the place.

We were much gratified at the present condition of the Reformed Church at Wilkesbarre, and at the prospects of extending our denomination in surrounding places, for which the city forms an important centre. The congregation in the city is now verging towards a membership of three hundred, and the payment of the debt still resting on their church, as well as important improvements on the building itself, is looked upon as something very probable in the near future. Some time ago a congregation was organized under encouraging prospects in one of the neighboring villages, and another was organized in another village, on the Sunday of our stay in the city, under like circumstances. Similar results may be ere long also attained in other places in the same general region. In this church extension work, Rev. Mr. Levan derives important aid from the Rev. Mr. Moeckel. The good work thus begun, we trust, will continue to go forward and prosper still more abundantly.

We left Wilkesbarre on Monday evening, and reached South Bethlehem near 9 o'clock. Rev. N. Z. Snyder met us at the depot, and took us to his pleasant, comfortable home, where we remained two nights and the intervening day. Mr. Snyder has a large and laborious field, requiring three services on each Sunday, and he is cultivating it with encouraging success. During the day we spent with him, he kindly took us to a number of places of special interest, such as a favorite summer resort on one of the adjacent hills, St. Luke's hospital,

and the University founded by the late Hon. Asa Packer. A large building for the accommodation of the extensive library connected with the institution, has been added to the other buildings, since our last visit to the place. It is indeed an imposing structure, and provides special facilities for the purposes to which it is devoted. The collection of books is already large, and covers almost every department of scientific, as well as legal, historic, and light literature. Additions continue to be made to the library from time to time. Free access is also given to its volumes under necessary restrictions.

We also gave the Revs. I. K. Loos and D. F. Brendle, of Bethlehem, and some other friends, a passing call, and on Wednesday morning, returned home, much gratified with our trip, and in greatly improved condition as we trust, if not fully established in our wonted good health. We are thankful to the Good Being, who watched over us throughout all our meanderings, and shall ever keep in grateful remembrance the many acts of kindness received from our friends at every place, at which, for a season, we were permitted to tarry.

S. R. F.

THE NAME AND THE THING ITSELF.

At the next General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the petition presented three years ago, asking that the name of that Church be changed will be renewed. The object of this change is to get rid of the word "Protestant," and this is explained by the Bishop of Illinois, on the ground that it is an effort to elbow out the pretensions of Rome. That is all well enough, but it will not do for English Episcopacy to usurp the seat from which it tries to drive others. One of the signs of the times is the Catholicity which all hot-headed denominationalists are ready to assume. The concrete history of the Church of Christ, in this parenthetic period, does not justify this presumption.

SUDDEN DEATH.

McDonald Ridgley Kerns, of Missouri, died suddenly in this city, in the 55th year of his age, on the 20th inst., while on a visit to his stepfather, Dr. S. R. Fisher. Mr. Kerns was well known by many of the older students of Marshall College, as a kind, genial man. The affliction rests heavily upon our venerable associate, over whose home the dark shadow has frequently fallen of late.

THE "MESSENGER" IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY, PA.

Our general agent, H. K. Binkley, has been remarkably successful in his efforts in Westmoreland county, in behalf of the "MESSENGER." He has returned, in addition to those reported from other charges, thirty-one new subscribers from Pleasant Unity charge, Rev. B. B. Ferer, pastor. We trust he will be equally successful in the fields he may visit in the same general section of country. F.

Notes and Quotes.

The *Athenæum* regrets, with reference to the new revision of the translation of the New Testament, to hear that the form in which all Englishmen know, and most of them use, the Lord's Prayer, is no longer to be the form which is to pass current. It will rejoice if the report, which is widely circulated, proves incorrect; "a greater calamity," it adds, "than such a change, as rumor declares to be imminent, it would be difficult, at the present moment, to imagine."

The following is about as clear as mud. If any of our readers can get through with the big words, he will find in a modern writer, an explanation of the manner in which injury is effected by over-taxing the brain with studying: "Modern pathology now looks on progressive paralysis, in its earliest stage, as a vasomotor disturbance of nutrition of the cortex of the cerebrum, in which the vessels of the pia-mater get into a palsied condition of dilatation, and we have de-

generation of the cortex of the brain produced by stagnation of the current of lymph."

This is good, and we value it all the more as coming from the *Congregationalist*, which has addressed four questions to a number of pastors, as to the practical issues of the temperance revival of two or three years ago. On only one thing does it find them agreed, viz: That when the grace of God takes hold of a drunkard, however abandoned, it can set him steadily on his feet again, and hold him there. And it adds: "We consider the testimonies also given as to the pre-eminent importance of the church as the reforming agent, to be of the greatest value, and as pointing trustworthily toward that method of future labor which God may be expected most to bless."

An exchange calls attention to the fact that "Dr. Frazar, the learned Bishop of Manchester, England, in a recent criticism on American School Education, said his observations in this country had convinced him of the prejudicial effects resulting from the introduction of multifarious subjects; the consequence being that children quitted school with an almost useless smattering of many subjects, but with complete and accurate knowledge of none. There is too much justice and force in the criticism. Our children are taught superficially, when half the number of studies thoroughly pursued would be more profitable in the end." This is an argument in favor of the old college curriculum, and against eclectic courses which seem to enlarge the field, but effect little in the way of mental training.

Bishop Coxe explains that the Revision of the English Bible is a "family affair with which the stranger intermeddeth not." His assertion that on "Catholic principles" the Anglican Church "has no right to interfere in American concerns, except by and through those Christians in America with whom they are in full communion," has called for a protest from the bosom of the "family" itself. Bishop Hare, and others, much the seniors of Bishop Coxe in years and in union with the Protestant Episcopal Church, assert that the revision, in order to be satisfactory, must be a question of Christian scholarship, unlimited by the churchism of Great Britain. So one would think, in face of the fact, that Christianity itself is not bound ecclesiastically to Canterbury or York.

Among the Exchanges.

The *Congregationalist* makes the following good suggestions:

Don't pray at people; scolding isn't praying, and it never does less good than when it is foisted into a prayer, and the scolded think you are telling the Lord that about them which you do not dare to say to their faces. Don't talk with the Lord as you would chat with your neighbor; true prayer is reverent. Don't ramble all over the universe; you'll not get back in time. Don't try to get everything into one prayer; you will most likely have another chance. Don't pray so long as to tire out all the hearers; that isn't the meaning of the commands to "pray always," and to "pray without ceasing;" and you can safely leave some petitions to be offered when alone in your closet. Don't pray in public, if you are prayerless in secret; such prayer prevails neither with God nor man. Pray "in the Holy Ghost."

The Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar of Edinburgh, one of the most eminent Scotch divines, speaks strongly on the election of Mr. Bradlaugh. He doesn't blame Parliament for doing what it could not justly refuse to do, but goes to the root of the matter in calling to account the electors of such a man. He says:

Among the 4 000 Northampton electors who supported Mr. Bradlaugh, there were, I believe, many evangelical men of different sects. Why did they deliberately support with their money, and their votes, and their influence, one who is an atheist and the author of *The Fruits of Philosophy*? Simply because he is of the same political party. And then he adds, in a tone of sorrowful indignation: "If Christianity is to be superseded by partizanship, and religion is not to be represented in the persons of our public men; if creed, and life and morality are to be wholly in abeyance, the Northampton electors are not to be blamed for wishing to have their Liberalism represented by an atheist. I feel so much on the religious aspect of public men, and deplore so deeply the prevalence of unbelief in various forms, that I make no excuse for writing as I have done. I am not uncharitable towards those who differ from me, but I do not wish to write smooth things at a time when Christian men ought to speak out. The leaven of political scepticism is spreading fast, and liberality is the high name under which it cloaks its poison."

Sunday at Home has this about "Extemporizing in the Pulpit."

They make a great mistake who suppose that extempore preaching has been the law with all great preachers; in fact, we may almost go so far as to say the reverse has been the case. Extemporizing will often be exposed to difficulties which only a very honest mind can overcome and make the best of. When Father Taylor, the American preacher, once lost himself and became bewildered in the course of his sermon, he extricated himself by the exclamation: "I have lost the track of the nominative case, my brethren, but one thing I know, I am bound for the Kingdom!" and the frankness of such a confession would be sure to save him from suffering in the esteem of his audience. But the more stately and dignified masters, it is very obvious, cannot deliver themselves in that way.

The most singular instance of this kind in our memory is the case of a very distinguished man to whom we loved to listen in our boyhood, a preacher with a wonderful command over every faculty that could give brilliancy or beauty to pulpit exercises. He always preached without notes, and always broke his discourses into divisions; but once, to our amazement and that of the congregation, having traveled through, as far as we remember, two departments of the discourse, he caught himself up and said, "I—I forgot the third division!" He turned round to the organist, "Organist, strike up a verse." He gave out a line of a hymn, and while the organ was playing and the people singing he leaned in deep thought over the pulpit; the singing over, he announced the missing link. "But," said he, "is not that singular?" and he proceeded to show how it was that he had lost it, and how he found it—proceeded, in a really enchanting way to talk upon the law of association of ideas and the mystery and marvels of retentiveness and memory as proof of the immateriality and immortality of the soul, until the time was gone, and we really had no more of the sermon after all.

A similar anecdote has often been told of the late Thomas Binney. Dr. Harris, the author of "Mammon," had begged his services for some anniversary, and Binney declared his utter inability to prepare a sermon—in those days he was a strictly extempore speaker. It was urged, "Oa come and preach such and such a sermon; that is ready to your mind!" And so Mr. Binney promised that he would take the service; but he also, having got through two heads of the discourse, became bewildered. "Thirdly—thirdly—I've forgot what was thirdly!" he said and he looked over to where Dr. Harris was sitting. "Brother Harris, what was thirdly?" Harris looked up and said, "So and so." "Exactly," said the discomfited preacher, who pursued his way with ease and happiness to the close.

A Teacher, writing to the *Advance*, thus speaks of the "Mormons in School:"

Probably about one-third of the children are of Protestant parents and the others nearly equally divided between Mormons and Catholics. The poor little Mormons have the iniquity of their fathers visited upon them in the taunts of the other children. Sometimes they reply, "Well, my mother was the first wife anyhow."

Sometimes they come to me almost broken-hearted, crying, "Miss Lawson, it isn't my fault that I'm a Mormon." I was talking with one of my oldest scholars about her home in Southern Utah, and asked her how many brothers and sisters she had; she answered, "Twenty-five." One man here has forty-four children, most of them living. Those who attend school are among the best scholars. One of his wives says all she wants to live for is to keep her daughters out of polygamy. She has two lovely little girls. The children talk and play a great deal about getting married. One boy about ten years old told me he wanted more than anything else to get married and have a good home.

When school commenced not one of the children could repeat the Lord's Prayer, much less the Ten Commandments. The "old, old story" is new to them. I asked my Sunday School class of large boys the meaning of "Hallowed," as used in the Lord's Prayer. They all thought it meant swearing. When I remembered they never heard the name in any other way it did not seem so strange. Last Sabbath the class thought Gethsemane was a city, and not one could tell which disciple betrayed his Master.

The *N. Y. Times*, in noticing Mr. Beecher's sermon, from which we gave an extract a few weeks ago, has these just remarks:

If the report of Mr. Beecher's Fourth of July sermon, which appeared in the one morning paper of this city, which still professes confidence in him, is true, he has definitely rejected orthodox Christianity, and is henceforth to be classed among Rationalists. Mr. Beecher is reported to have said:—"It is a gigantic lie, told with much circumstantiality, that men were created perfect and then fell; that in Adam and Eve the human race fell all around. * * * God did not make a bad job and then paint it pretty and plaster it up. * * * In a sense God made laws to be broken. * * * The idea is to be disclaimed and trampled under foot that men must do thus and thus or be destroyed. * * * I don't hold the theory of the Atonement. * * * I reject the Mosaic economy, and take a larger view of Christ's work. * * * The truths of the Bible are not to be swallowed whole, but to be sifted." No injustice is done to Mr. Beecher by omitting, for the sake of brevity, the context of the sentences quoted. If words have any meaning, Mr. Beecher last Sunday morning proclaimed his rejection of the Christian religion, and his acceptance of a Rationalism more vague but not less anti-Christian than that of Theodore Parker.

Undoubtedly, many men have felt it to be "a hard saying" that in Adam all men sinned. The story of the fall as told by Genesis seems to them much more like a myth than like history, and they cannot understand the justice of practically holding the whole human race responsible for the fault of its remote ancestors. And yet the Christian religion is based upon the story that Mr. Beecher calls "a gigantic lie." That religion teaches that by the fall of Adam the nature of man became corrupt, and that the race can be saved only through the Atonement made by Christ. Mr. Beecher cannot call the story of the Fall a gigantic lie and proclaim his disbelief in the Atonement and at the same time hold on to the rest of Christianity. He might as well cut away the trunk and roots of a pear

tree and expect that the branches would remain unsupported in the air and bear blossoms and fruit. He can believe that a clever Jewish impostor taught what was in many respects an admirable system of morality, but there is nothing left of the religion taught by Christ when the Fall and the Atonement are eliminated from it. Either the dogmas of the Fall and the Atonement are true and Christianity is a divine revelation, or they are false and Christianity is an imposture and Christ was a clever, but assuredly not a truthful, Jew.

There is nothing new in Mr. Beecher's disbelief. The assertion that the Fall was a "bad job," and the Atonement the "paint" and "plaster" wherewith the bad job was sought to be mended, is quite in the Bob Ingersoll vein. The theory that the truths of the Bible are not to be swallowed, but to be sifted, or that, in other words, we are to believe such parts of it as please us and reject the rest, is the theory of the late Theodore Parker. And Mr. Beecher arrives at these results by the path that thousands of Rationalists have followed—that of reversing the true method of judging Christianity. Instead of testing the claim of Christ's divinity by the records of the Gospels, and deciding that if Christ was divine, His teachings as to the sinfulness of man and the sufficiency of the Atonement must be true, however they may of themselves fail to command the approval of our judgment, and thus assuming that Christ taught falsely, is compelled to reject the claim that Christ was divine and infallible.

What Mr. Beecher disbelieves is more obvious than what he believes. He long ago rejected the doctrine of future punishment as taught in the Scriptures, and now he tramples under foot the doctrine that men have any need to do anything as the condition of their salvation. Naturally, he holds that inasmuch as we are not to be punished for breaking the laws, God "made laws to be broken." He probably believes that it is desirable that men should obey, for example, the laws which forbid adultery and bearing false witness; but if they do break them they need have no dread of future punishment, and can console themselves by reflecting that the laws were made to be broken. This is a system of unbelief which will readily commend itself to persons whose consciences may have hitherto been uneasy; but as a substitute for Christianity, it is perhaps not quite so well adapted to make men pure and truthful.

Whether the Congregationalist denomination, of which Mr. Beecher is still a minister, will think it necessary to express any disapproval of his latest teachings remains to be seen. That body has steadfastly refused to adopt any creed which should be binding upon its members and it is difficult to see how it can deny the right of Mr. Beecher to preach whatever doctrines commend themselves to his private judgment. His orthodoxy has always been more or less suspected, and his open avowal of his rejection of the supernatural element of Christianity has long been looked for by those who have watched his course. So far from being a gain for the enemies of Christianity, Mr. Beecher's appearance in the camp of Parker and Ingersoll is a matter upon which sincere believers may congratulate themselves. With his peculiar reputation, his position as a Christian minister has been a reproach to religion which has worked no little injury, and he is not a recruit of whom Rationalism can well boast. Few men will become Rationalists merely in order to follow Mr. Beecher, and still fewer women will be led astray by him.

The Christian religion is not a failure because Mr. Beecher has rejected it. On the contrary, the loose theory, which substitutes for the Church a sort of social club, where the minister can teach what he pleases and the congregation can believe what they think fit, so long as preacher and congregation are satisfied with one another, has received a serious blow by this latest *reductio ad absurdum* of Liberal Christianity. This is not intended as a description of the Congregationalist denomination, which, as a body, is thoroughly orthodox, but that there is a growing tendency among many Protestant sects to insist that every man shall believe only what suits his fancy is undeniable. There must come in time a strong reaction against this tendency, and the secession of Mr. Beecher to the ranks of Rationalism must hasten it. Whether this reaction is to benefit conservative and Protestant Christianity, or whether it is to inure solely to the benefit of the Church of Rome, remains to be seen. To a large extent that Church will undoubtedly gain. Its definite dogma and unwavering claim to implicit obedience will powerfully appeal to those who find that the husks of infidelity are unsatisfying. Unless some other and purer Church offers authoritative teaching in the place of theological anarchy, Rome will reap the harvest that Beecher and Ingersoll are ignorantly sowing.

Communications.

A SUGGESTION TO MISSIONS—WHAT CAN BE DONE; AND HOW.

Where missions are aided in large towns or cities a great deal of aid can be secured from the property holders of the community, and others, if the proper effort is made. There are liberal-hearted men and women in every populous community who will always respond to a personal appeal for any worthy object. Take an illustration: The writer was appointed chairman of a committee to visit Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., with a view to establishing a mission of the Reformed Church in that flourishing town. Rev. W. H. Bates, of Somerset Classis, had been over the ground a number of times; in fact had spent many days in hunting up the scattered Reformed people of that community. He found about fifty (mostly poor) laboring men and their families. He called the attention of Dr. Apple, our Missionary Superintendent, to this inviting field for missionary labor. They together overtured the Westmoreland Classis to appoint a committee to co-operate with them in starting the mission. The Classis responded favorably. We visited the ground, called on a number of those who proposed going into the enterprise, and consulted with them as to the prospects of success.

We all became interested, and the question now arose how are we to get a church or chapel in which to hold service and organize the congregation? We discussed different plans, and finally the following was decided upon: The Westmoreland Classis agreed to buy and pay for a lot to cost \$1000, and it was calculated that the congregation and citizens of

Johnstown would contribute from \$1000 to \$1200 to pay for a chapel. But this money must be collected. It was thought that Bro. Bates and the writer should do this work. Of course, it was not the most pleasant kind of work, but somebody had to do it, and accordingly, we undertook it.

We started out with anxious hearts to ask some of the principal citizens for subscriptions. Hon. D. J. Morell, Superintendent of Cambria Iron Works, promised us \$200. This was a very nice start. Two others gave us each \$25. We secured at this trip in pledges and subscriptions nearly \$400—all from outsiders except \$100. Last week Bro. Bates and I spent several days more going from store to store and house to house on the same mission. We tried to present our case pleasantly; and frankly stated the need of the congregation. We told them we only aspired to begin in a humble way, and to start free of debt, and would be greatly obliged for any little aid they could give us. We met with very few refusals. We secured in cash and good verbal subscriptions, this trip, \$285, besides many verbal pledges, all from outsiders, in amounts of \$5 and \$10 mostly. We expect to continue on this line until we have sufficient to pay for the chapel, which is already built, and will be dedicated in a month or six weeks.

Bro. Bates takes charge as missionary pastor, and we feel sure will succeed in gathering a good congregation.

Now, my suggestion is this: Wherever it has been decided to start a mission let at least two persons (the pastor for one) go to the business men and property holders of the community, ask their aid, and they will give. From the little experience I had, I have no doubt that in Washington city, or any other large town or city, enough money can be collected in \$5, \$10 and \$25 subscriptions to put up a neat, comfortable chapel. I also firmly believe that a committee of proper persons can raise money enough among outsiders in Boston to pay off the bulk of Bro. Schwartz's indebtedness. Let the effort be earnestly and perseveringly made anywhere, and it will be successful, if a reasonable amount is asked. Of course, the Church at large should do her full share, as Westmoreland Classis has done in paying for the lot at Johnstown.

When the people of any place pay toward an enterprise they will also take greater interest in it. Besides, it does them good to help the poor. Never in any case resort to clap-net means for raising money for any cause. That only dries up the benevolence of people, and will do more to kill a mission than anything else. But few self-supporting congregations can long survive the holding of fairs, festivals and all that. It is sure death, if persisted in.

J. W. L.
Greensburg, Pa., Aug. 19, 1880.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The annual Sunday School Convention of the Harrisburg District of Lancaster Classis will be held in the Reformed church in Columbia, Pa., on the 14th and 15th of September.

The following programme has been prepared by the committee appointed by Classis:

Tuesday Evening.
Sermon—Rev. A. R. Thompson.
Organization.

Wednesday Morning.
1. What shall we teach in the Infant Department? Rev. S. P. Brown.
2. How can the Missionary Spirit be cultivated in the Sunday School? Rev. W. H. H. Snyder.
3. Are Sunday School Pic-nics commendable? Rev. S. Kuhn.

Wednesday Afternoon.
4. Should not the Sunday School be more closely identified with the Church? Rev. Geo. W. Snyder.
5. The Teacher's Preparation. Elder W. H. Seibert.

6. How can Older Members of the Church be interested in the Sunday School? Rev. C. S. Gerhard.

Wednesday Evening.
7. Should Bible Class Teaching be Denominational? Rev. J. H. Pannebecker.
8. Answering Referred Questions.
Adjournment.

COMMITTEE.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the 12th of June last Rev. R. Lisberger was installed as pastor of Bushkill Centre, Northampton county, Pa., charge, by a committee of East Pennsylvania Classis.

The corner-stone of a new church at Tremont, Schuylkill county, Pa., was laid on the 1st of August. Rev. R. Duenger, of Ashland, Pa., preached the sermon, after which the corner stone was laid by the pastor, Rev. B. S. Metzger. Rev. J. O. Johnson of Schuylkill Haven, preached in the afternoon and evening. The congregation consists of seventy members, and the church will be built and paid for in the course of a few months.

The harvest collections for benevolent purposes in the Sellersville, Pa., charge, Rev. J. G. Dengler, pastor, netted \$51, and those in the Weisport, Pa., charge, Rev. J. E. Freeman, pastor, \$34.50.

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The New Centerville charge, formerly part of the Somerset, Pa., charge, affords such signs of a prosperous future, as greatly to encourage the new pastor, Rev. W. W. Datrik, in his work, a result which he attributes in large measure to the faithful labors of former pastors. The holy communion was recently administered in two of the congregations. At Rockwood, on the B. & Ohio R. R., where, during last winter, a congregation was organized and a neat church erected, the pastor was assisted by the Rev. C. U. Heilmann. Three persons were added to the church, one by confirmation and two by certificate. This is a promising point, and, in time, a flourishing congregation may be expected to exist there. In the St. John's church at Centerville the Pittsburgh Synod will meet in general convention on the 13th of October next.

EASTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

Licentiate Robert George Assmann was ordained at Hazelton, Pa., on the 22d of July, by a committee of the German Philadelphia Classis. Mr. Assmann has charge of the church at Hazelton during the absence of its pastor, who is at present on a visit to Europe.

HARVEST HOME CONVENTION.

A Harvest Home Convention will convene at Catawissa, Pa., on September 21st and 22d, 1880. The services will commence at 2 P. M. Subjects to be discussed: Tuesday afternoon, the 104th Question of the Heidelberg Catechism—Rev. W. G. Engle and A. Houtz. Tuesday evening, Foreign Missions—R. v. E. D. Miller and F. K. Levan. Wednesday morning, Harvest Service—Rev. W. C. Schaeffer and S. C. Meckel. Wednesday afternoon, Children's Meeting—Rev. O. Strunck and W. G. Engle. Wednesday evening, 1st. The Responsibility of the Teacher's Office—Rev. T. Derr and W. C. Schaeffer. 2d. The Importance of the Temperance Question in the Sunday School—Rev. A. Houtz and O. Strunck.

Question Box open at the close of each session.

G. B. DECHANT,
Chairman.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.

The next term of Franklin and Marshall College will open on Thursday, Sept. 21, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The opening address will be delivered at that hour in the College Chapel by Dr. F. A. Gast. New students may apply for entrance on the afternoon of the same day. Boarding, rooms, &c., can be had in Harbaugh Hall and the Academy on the same terms as last year.

J. H. DUBBS,
Sec. of the Faculty.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The fall term of the Theological Seminary commences on Thursday, Sept. 2, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the opening address to the students will be delivered in the College Chapel by Prof. Frederick A. Gast, D. D.

E. V. GERHART,
Pres't of Faculty.
Lancaster, Pa., Aug. 5, 1880.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The next session of Mercersburg College will open on September 15th, 1880. Terms—Including board, tuition, room and fuel, \$205 per year of forty weeks. Connected with the College, and under the direct care of the Professors, is a Preparatory School where students of any age from twelve upward are received. For further particulars address Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., President of College, Mercersburg, Franklin Co. Pa.

Married.

Near Spring Hope, Aug. 12th, by Rev. D. N. Dittmar, Harmon Moore to Mary E. McMullen, both of Bedford Co., Pa.

On Thursday, Aug. 12th 1880, at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. D. H. Leader, Mr. Thornton L. Imes of Cumberland, Md. to Miss Martha Ellen O'Neal, of Monroe Township, Bedford Co., Pa.

Aug. 12th, 1880, at the residence of Isaac G. Bear, East Lampeter Township, Lancaster County, by Rev. D. W. Gerhard, Harvey B. Brown of Rock Island, Illinois, to Miss Annie D. Dreibeis of Virginsville, Berks Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM.

Words are feeble mediums of thought and feeling, when we witness the death-struggle of an affectionate and dutiful child. Twice has the writer of these lines been called upon to witness such a scene. On the 13th day of May, 1876, when our little Margaret B., aged 10 years, entered the world of spirits, and on the 24th day of July, 1880, when our Catherine Annette, aged 23 years, passed beyond mortal vision. How pleasant at such a time the assurance, that our faithful Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, whose we are and whom we serve, has illumined the darkness of the grave with His glorious presence, and has left us the blessed words, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Our Maggie, or "Dorie" as she was called on account of her amiable disposition, was a great pet at home and at school. She was always willing to yield her own rights for the sake of peace. If any difficulty occurred among her little playmates, with an arm around each, she would soon make peace. The amiability of her disposition was so marked, as to attract the notice of all who came in contact with her. At a children's meeting shortly before her death, the children, who loved Jesus were requested to stand up; without waiting to see if others would rise, little Maggie promptly rose. She had a beautiful voice and delighted in singing the songs of Zion adapted to her years, and among her special favorites, the soft melody of "the far away home of the soul," as sung by her still lingers on my memory and will continue to draw my soul heavenward while I tread this earth.

Catherine Annette, or, as she was called in home circle, our Nettie, was united in the bonds of wedlock with Mr. Erasmus M. Finch, Nov. 5, 1879, and died July 24, 1880. The bodies of the mother and two babes now rest in the same grave in Glenwood Cemetery, District of Columbia. Our hearts are agonized over the sad event; but our grief is mitigated by the blessed assurance of her eternal happiness, and the fact that there is not a single circumstance in the lives of either of the dear departed ones which is not pleasant to think of and sweet to remember. Both were baptized in infancy in Christ Reformed Church, Newport, Perry Co., Pa., and in childhood, both developed strong religious characters, which gave cheering promise of usefulness in the Church and community. In amiability of disposition, cheerful, ready and loving obedience to parents and teachers, none could excel them. In form and feature there was also a striking resemblance, with faces unusually handsome, in which angelic sweetness and Christian humility shone out in every lineament.

Catherine Annette was received by the rite of confirmation into full communion in Christ's Reformed Church, Newport, Perry Co., Pa., October 8, 1871, where she retained her membership until 1876, when she joined Assembly's Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C., the Reformed Church having no English organization at that time in this city. She engaged actively as teacher in the Sabbath Schools and so continued as long as she was able to attend. She loved to pray, and the throne of grace was always her refuge. Before engaging in any enterprise, she would ask God's blessing on her knees, until she had satisfactory assurance of Divine acceptance, and she was generally successful in what she tried to do.

The large number of friends who attended her funeral, and the many expressions of sorrow and sympathy from all, attest our great loss. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

W. W. L.
Washington, D. C., August 13, 1880.

DIED.—In Imogene, Fremont Co., Iowa, Aug. 6th, 1880, Mrs. Elizabeth Long, aged 74 years, 10 months, 20 days.

Mrs. Long was born in Westmoreland Co., Pa., Sept. 17th, 1805; was baptized in her infancy by Rev. Michael Steok of the Lutheran Church, and by him was afterwards received into full communion with that branch of Christ's household. In after years she lived in Dubuque Co., Iowa, and last spring came to this (Fremont Co.). Since then she has worshipped regularly with the Reformed congregation. The funeral sermon was delivered by the pastor of Pleasant Valley Reformed Church from 2

Tim. iv. 7. The funeral was largely attended, and she was laid to rest in the Monroe Cemetery. We sorrow for Mother Long, but not as those who have no hope; for truly her flesh deth rest in hope of a blessed resurrection.

D. P. L.

DIED.—In Mercersburg, Pa., Mrs. Hannah Hoke, relict of Adam Hoke, Esq., aged 81 years, 10 months and 16 days.

Mother Hoke passed beyond our allotted time, of four-score years. This is the more remarkable in view of her delicate state of health in earlier years, and even onward through subsequent life. It is a comforting thought, that during all her long life, she was a regular, faithful and devoted member of the church. She was always, as long as her health enabled her to be, in her pew at all the services of the sanctuary, and when the infirmities of age rendered it impossible to enjoy these services, she requested to have services at her house, and here she joined in the communion service with the congregation regularly unto the end.

Mother Hoke was a good supporter of the church, and her loss will be greatly felt by the congregation. She always rejoiced in the prosperity of our Zion, and took an interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the Church of her fathers. She was a subscriber to the "Missionary Magazine," published in 1829, and a constant reader of "The Messenger," from the beginning. She loved the Church and her worship, her hymns and her prayers.

For the last few years, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit greatly to afflict her. The death of her husband, and quite more recently the death of her aged and beloved brother of Mercersburg, have caused sorrow; but still more so the deaths of her daughters within the last three years, especially the youngest who was her only earthly hope for the evening of her life. How severe these strokes, how overwhelming the sorrow which filled her soul! But in the midst of these afflictions faith enabled her always to say, "Not one stroke too many, it is all right, the Lord knows what is best." During the last few weeks of her earthly pilgrimage, her sufferings were very severe and trying. She continued conscious until them all to the end, and died in the blessed hope of a better life in the world to come. J. G. B.

DIED.—In Wayneboro, Pa., on the 17th of Aug., 1880, Mrs. Eliza Knouff, aged 71 years, 2 months and 9 days.

The subject of this notice was afflicted during the latter part of last winter with a dropsical and rheumatic disorder, which it was hoped would yield to medical treatment, so that with the return of Spring she might regain her usual strength, or at least be restored to comparative good health. Her physical constitution, however, was gradually being undermined by disease, until, several months ago, partial paralysis set in, which rendered her altogether helpless. This paralyzed condition in time became aggravated, and finally, in connection with dropsical effusion of the heart, resulted in her death.

Mother Knouff was a sincere and humble follower of the blessed Saviour, and as long as circumstances permitted it, her place in the Lord's house, and at the Lord's table, was seldom vacant. And it was a source of great regret to her, that she was deterred during the last year from joining in the worship of the sanctuary.

It may be said of the piety of the deceased, that it was of the modest and retiring type, rather than ostentatious and demonstrative. Christianity in her case was not characterized by great outward agitation of mind and heart, but quietly, and unseen by mortal eye, in the secret chambers of her soul, the new life moulded and leavened her whole being, and ruled her walk and conversation. As a mother, she departed one ever anxiously labored and prayed for the spiritual welfare of her children, all of whom were born during a former marriage. Her devoted attachment to the Church of her choice has been inherited by her sons and daughters. One of the former is the Rev. S. S. Miller, of Boonsboro, Md., and the other members of the family, who reside in places where our Church has an existence, are found in connection with it.

It will not be bestowing unmerited praise upon our deceased mother to say, that she possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, that highest adornment of the Christian character, in a great degree. On the occasion of her funeral, her pastor spoke words of comfort to the bereaved family, based on 2 Kings 10: 7. Rev. J. M. Motter, pastor of St. Paul's Church also was present, and assisted in the services.

B.

DIED.—Near Whitehall, Frederick Co., Virginia, March 24th, James Bell, Esq., aged 53 years, and March 25th, Catharine Bell, aged 51 years.

The deceased certainly deserved an earlier and better notice than this. The delay, however, was unavoidable. Peculiar, indeed, were the circumstances that surrounded their decease. Permitted as they were, to enjoy a long and happy wedded life—it will be seen they were not far separated at death. In fact, the wife knew not of the death of the husband—as when his spirit had fled hers was beginning to take its flight. Arrangements had been made for a funeral, but all had to be changed and postponed for a day, when the mortal remains of both were borne, followed by a large number of relatives, friends and neighbors, to the Centenary Reformed Church, Winchester, Va., when and where the doubly solemn and impressive occasion was improved by an appropriate discourse by Rev. J. R. Graham, D. D., of the Presbyterian Church—the pastor being absent. From the church, the remains were borne to the Mt. Hebron Cemetery and were there deposited in one grave, to await the blessed resurrection at the last day.

Such is a brief recital of the death and burial of two, of whose worth, character and life, it would take columns to tell, would full justice be done them. It is true when we would speak of one, we would speak of the other. In their lives, their deeds, and their purposes, they truly acted as one. "Uncle Jim," and "Aunt Kate," as they were familiarly called by all who knew them, were well and favorably known far and wide. Many were the deeds of kindness that they each performed, and that without any show of parade, towards those whom it was their delight thus to favor, or to relieve from want. Many such truly mourn their departure.

James Bell was a just, upright and noble man. He stood high in the community in which he lived, and was for many years one of the magistrates of his district.

Both were faithful and consistent members of the Reformed Church. They were ever ready to do their part in furthering the interests of the little mission flock at Winchester. There they will be missed in more than one way—for it can ill spare such as they from its number. But it is the consolation of all who mourn their departure, that they were not taken unaware when the summons came to them to leave this world of toil and enter on their rest in the other, better world. And hence the sorrowing is not that of those who have no hope. Verily, to all they have left an example to follow would they meet them in the happy home on high.

F.

LETTER LIST.

Apple, S. K., Arzmann, Rev. R., Apple, Rev. T. G. D.
Binkley, H. K. (6), Beam, Rev. S. Z., Boyer, F. R. & Son, Black, A. A., Balliet, Dr. L. B., Bradley, I. & Co., Berry, W. Brown, W. N.
Cull, Mrs. J. R., Christmas, H. B.
Cull, Rev. D. N., Deatrick, Rev. W. W.
Edmonds, Rev. F. A.
Ferer, Rev. B. B. (2), Freet, G. L., Fulmer, B. R.
Gurley, Rev. G. D., Gross, Rev. S. K., Goodman, C. H., Hellings, W. C., Houts, R. A., Hottenstein, Rev. A. R., Hawley, J. G., Hershey, Rev. S. F., Hoffmaier, Rev. H. W. (2), Huffman, H., Hahn, Rev. F. B., Johnson, W. J.
Kremer, Rev. Dr. F. W., Kline, Mrs. M., Klein, A. G., Kohler, Rev. S. S., Kohler, Rev. P. S.
Land, Rev. T. S., Landis, Rev. W. M., Lindaman, Rev. F. S.
McCurley, J., Miller, Rev. J. O., McCook, Rev. D. H. C., Mickle, H., Meekley, Rev. J.
Neff, A., Neul, C. W.
Pennebaker, Rev. J. J.
Reifnyder, J. B., Reber, Rev. J. A., Robinson, G. L., Roth, Rev. G. W.
Sahl, G. C., Schaeffer, Mrs. L. C., Sloter, W. H., Snyder, H., Stewart, Rev. W. I., Snyder, Rev. W. H. H., Soder, G. V., Snyder, Rev. N. Z., Sweinhart, J.
Troxler, Rev. P. M., Tittel, Rev. J. M., Truxal, Rev. A. E.
Wagner, Mrs. E., Wiant, Rev. J. F., Wolff, R.
Yearick, Rev. Z. A.
Ziegler, Dr. J. S.

Youth's Department.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY.

One day a little acorn dropped
Down from its native tree,
And helpless lay upon the earth,
A tiny thing to see.

And looking up in sad surprise
To where it once did grow,
It said: "It's over now with me!
What can an acorn do?"

But Mother Earth, to comfort it,
Spoke softly, as it lay,
And turning o'er, it fell asleep,
Its sorrow soothed away.

Then gently o'er its little bed
She spread a quilt of mould,
And there it slept through autumn rains
And snows of winter cold.

But when the sun with cheering rays
Told of the warm, bright spring,
And Nature said to Mother Earth:
"Come; now your treasures bring!"

The acorn heard the flowers talk,
And open'd its eyes to see,
And stretching out, it cracked its shell,
And grew into a tree.

There, sheltered in the forest shade,
In stately pride to stand,
A noble oak—as grand a tree
As grows in all the land!

Oh, children! heed these little things,
Whatever they may be;
Remember—little boys make men!
An acorn makes a tree.

—Golden Days.

For The Messenger.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE AT WILLOW BROOK.—(Conclusion.)

Hattie's birthday was coming, and on the morning of the day she was thirteen, she opened her eyes on her own room. It was the first time she had a room of her own, and besides her birthday presents waiting for her, there were blue perfumery jars on gilt stands, little jewel cases, for when she would be a lady, clear glass vases for flowers, and a whole lot of little things on her toilet table, beside mats and a blue silk pincushion with lace on it. Among her birthday gifts were a painted lacquer handkerchief-case and glove-box, and best of all, in a velvet frame, a picture of her favorite cousin Laura, who was coming down soon from New York for a visit.

It was a fine, bright day, and Ed and Harry were coming over from Stony-Hurst to spend her birthday—and by the time she had been kissed by her mamma's friends and wished many happy returns, she was in high humor for the day.

Children don't need to have a great excitement to make them happy, so there wasn't anything especially planned out and they took whatever came, so after a while they all went to the upper-loft of the barn where everything was clean as a pin, and played hide-and-go-seek, blind-man's-buff, and "hot-butter-beans;" then there were fairy stories in the apple tree, which was so thick with branches and leaves, that no one going by beneath could guess that somebody was up there with her whole party. After that there was iced lemonade down in the willow, and cakes with nuts and candy, and when Harry and Ed went home, they said it had been "a splendid day."

The next morning "Wide-awake" came in clapping her hands and said, "Hattie has a birthday gift, Rose-bud gave it to her, come down to the meadow and see!" And right down by the spring-house there was the prettiest calf, all striped with red and white, standing beside Rose-bud, and it came on the evening of Hattie's birthday while she was fast asleep.

So the days went by until Rita, Gordon's sister, came out for a few days. She looked just like Gordon only a good deal better, but that didn't keep her from swinging in the hammock and like a real country girl entering into everything, and she seemed very happy to exchange her pretty blue room at home, and the squares around the monument for the meadow with its trees and nook; for after all it isn't the things that money can buy that make people happy, it is simple little things with a good heart.

But the time had come when some-

body must go away from Willow Brook, though she promised to come back again in the autumn, and whenever she could. She could not bear to think of it, and used to go to herself and feel sad and wonder where she could go that would do her so much good, for the little people had been so sweet and kind, and best of all, loved her so, that she knew she would want to come right back.

Hattie said they must have an especial time in the willow before "Queen goes away," so they all had a morning and an evening the day before. It was a bright day, just like the first one, only there was fruit instead of blossoms, and where the lilies had been there were hundreds of roses in bloom; but the lilies were the sweetest—the roses were glad and bright-looking like happy children, but the lilies were more like saints that have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of Jesus. So somebody thought as she walked through the garden on her way to the willow—where the children had gathered and were calling her.

The willow boughs were fanning themselves over the branch, and they dipped quite into the water that ran along all flecked with sunlight. From out the wood a robin called and called to her mate too far away to answer; the slender yellow lily-bells were trickling along the brush in the wood, and in the meadow a bright blue star was blooming on the tips of delicate blades of grass. The blackbirds were so tame they never got out of the way when Lily was feeding near, but always hopped away in time to keep from going down her throat and being turned to milk. Arthur thought it would be very funny if a pound of butter would come out of Lily's bag with a blackbird printed on the top. The pets and the pretty young calves were all about as they were every day, and the wrens in the fields were singing harvest songs, while up on the hill-sides the chestnuts were all in bloom, and somebody made up her mind that when October came she would go out to gather nuts with them if she was kept to come back safe.

There were so many things to talk about, but no one liked to say much about good-by. When the sun began to drop out of sight in the evening, and the whole west was bright, the "Queen" and her little party went down once more to the branch, and there in the old willow they stayed reading until it grew too dark to see, and then they talked and sang until the stars came out, when the little ones made a wreath and crowned her while she fastened on an outstretched twig, a small white cross made of the willow's pith, which they promised should stand there until she came back, for she said in her own heart that the cross she had carried when she went out there had been lightened by the love of the little children; and as they all came up the avenue in the starlight, she kept saying to herself, "a little child shall lead them." T. B.

RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

Some people are not respectful to older people, and if the old persons be very old, they think—i. e., some do, I hope they are very few—that they need not show them any consideration at all. Even among some heathen nations before the days of Christ, if an old person came into the room, all the others stood up, to show respect.

Years ago, that is, fifty or more, I think there was more politeness and reverence shown older people than is now. But, even now, there is sometimes a very touching instance of proper tenderness for the aged. Let me tell you of something Bishop Whipple tells. He was once at tea at some one's house, where there was a very old lady. She was too old to "pour out the tea," at the head of the table as she used to; but her family didn't want her to feel this; and so, her grown daughter—a married lady—sat at her side at the table and helped her to do it—oh, so slyly that no one (she thought) at table would notice it, and so tenderly and carefully and so very delicately, that she thought the dear old lady would not mind it, or suspect what she was doing it for.

Wasn't that just lovely? The grandmother was lovingly made to feel that she was still useful, and still wanted by her family. And so she was. They loved her more and more; and never let her get to feel old or in the way. I don't know the daughter's name; I wish I did; I think I would write her a letter of gratitude for her beautiful act.—R. W. Lowrie in *Young Churchman*.

HUNTING IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

Although in the remote and dreary parts of the extreme North a variety of game, including whale, walrus, seal, reindeer, foxes, wolves, ptarmigans, ducks, and geese, is found and pursued by the hardy Esquimaux, or Innuits, it is upon the capture of the seal that he expends the most time and labor. The seal is everything to him, and without it life could hardly be sustained. In the words of Captain Hall: "To the Innuits the seal is all that flcks and herds, grain fields, forests, coal mines, and petroleum wells are to dwellers in more favored lands. It furnishes him with food, fuel and clothing."

"Nutehook" (the seal) is one of the most wary and suspicious of animals, and to capture him when he is on his guard requires an almost incredible amount of skill and perseverance. The Innuits say that "Ninoo" (the bear) taught them to capture the seal, and that if they could talk to Nutehook as cleverly as Ninoo does, they would capture him much oftener than they do. When Ninoo sees, at a distance upon the ice, a black spot that he knows to be Nutehook taking a nap beside his air-hole, he makes up his mind that he will dine that day off seal.

Nutehook's nap is a series of "cat-naps," each lasting about ten seconds, and after each he lifts his head and looks around. Ninoo crouches low upon the ice, and creeps along when the seal is napping. The moment his head is raised, the bear stops short and begins to talk to Nutehook. The sound that he utters while thus talking is quite different from his ordinary voice, and seems to charm the seal, who lays his head down for another nap, during which Ninoo again advances. At last he is within springing distance, and in a moment all is over with poor Nutehook.

Although seals are caught at all seasons of the year, the great hunts take place in the spring and early summer months. At this time the fur is in the best possible condition, and as they play in the open water lanes near the coast, or bask in great numbers on the ice, their capture is comparatively easy. During the summer the glare of the sun so affects the eyes of the seal that he becomes almost blind, and is easily approached.

Hundreds of vessels, many of them steamers, are engaged in the seal fishery. Hundreds of thousands of seals are thus killed every year for the sake of their skins, which are shipped to every part of the world, and from which are made the beautiful sacques, muffs, tippets, and gloves with which most of our readers are so familiar. Only last month a disaster occurred that vividly illustrates the danger of sealing. A huge ice field a hundred miles long, and bringing with it thousands of seals, drifted down from the North, and stranded on the coast of Newfoundland near St. Johns. For several days the people living along the coast ventured far out on the ice, and captured great numbers of the seals.

Suddenly, on the 4th of April, the northeast wind that had been blowing steadily for two weeks, and keeping the ice packed, changed to a warm southerly breeze. The ice-pack broke, became intersected in every direction by lanes of water, and began to drift out to sea, carrying with it more than two hundred of the hardy hunters. Many of these were rescued by steamers, but others were borne away into the fog, beyond the hope of rescue, far out to sea, where they have perished from starvation, freezing, or drowning. For weeks past dead bodies have been cast upon the rugged coast by the sea, but the fate of many of the lost will never be known.

Mr. Ninoo, who hunts the seal so successfully, is hunted in turn for the sake

of his thick soft fur, and often falls a victim both to white men and Esquimaux. The latter sometimes kill him by rolling a thick piece of whalebone, about two feet long and four inches wide, into a small coil, and wrapping it in a piece of seal blubber so that it forms a ball. Placed outside the hut, it soon freezes hard. Provided with this frozen bait, the natives search for Ninoo. When they find him, they run away, and he chases them; but they drop the ball of blubber, and he, meeting with it, greedily swallows it whole. In a few minutes the heat of his body thaws the blubber and releases the whalebone. It uncoils with terrible force, and so tears his stomach that the great bear falls down in helpless agony, to which an end is quickly put by the hunter, who now hurries to the spot.—*Harper's Young People*.

THE LEOPARD CUBS.

Out in the offing lay the ship,
One tropic summer day,
That was to bear the Teacher home,
Three thousand miles away;
And gathered for a last farewell,
Around him pressed a crowd
Of dusky followers on the beach,
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

Beside Cape Mount, the native boat
That was to bear him o'er
The white-capped breakers, churned and
chafed
Against the pebbly shore.
His soul was sad; with toil and pain
So lately had he won
From rites of fetich savagery,
These children of the sun.

But soon the last good-bye was said,
For he must be afloat;
And with a prayer upon his lips,
He stepped into the boat;
And stepping, heard a cry, and saw
Come rushing o'er the sand,
A lad who held a leopard cub
Aloft in either hand.

"Mas' Teacher, see! De mudder beast,
Me watch her go—den up
Me creep into de den and fetch
De little spotted pup.
Dis ebbery ting me hab to bring
For pay de Captain fee;
Me want to learn big English so,
Wid you across de sea!

"Mas' Teacher! take de boy along,
De pups, dey no shall bite;
Me keep him in me bosom close,
An' watch him day and night.
De 'Meriky man, he buy him, glad;
Dollars and dollars count;
Me know big English—me go teach
Big English at Cape Mount!"

Dim-eyed the Teacher left the shore
And o'er the breakers' swell,
He still could see the Grebo lad,
As rose the boat and fell,
Sighing in silent, hopeless grief
Stretched out upon the sands,
While in his breast the leopard cubs
Nestled and licked his hands.

—Children's Missionary Crusade.

A TELEGRAPH CLERK'S EXPERIENCE.

Some days ago a young telegraph clerk from Otranto, named Salvatore Montinari, was picked up on the high seas, at about an equal distance from the Italian and Dalmatian coasts, by the Russian bark Jenny, Captain Hallstrom. Montinari, two days before his rescue, had hired a small boat with the intention of enjoying an afternoon's fishing, and had rowed himself out two or three miles, when one of the sudden gales that render the Adriatic navigation so perilous arose, and, despite his desperate efforts to reach the shore, soon drove him out of sight of land. For nearly forty-eight hours he struggled against winds and waves and contrived to keep his tiny craft afloat, although he lost an oar early in his involuntary cruise and sustained severe hurts about his head, right foot, chest and both hands. Toward sunset of the second day, when he had given up all hope of human aid, he espied afar off the smoke arising from a steamer's funnel. By almost superhuman effort he succeeded in approaching the steamer within hailing distance, and piteously implored its captain to take him on board. The latter, addressing him in French, asked him how much he would give to be saved; to which barbarous question Montinari replied, "A thousand francs." "That is too little," rejoined the human interlocutor, and the steamer proceeded on her way. Eleven hours later he was rescued by the Jenny, however, almost exhausted by fatigue, hunger and loss of blood, and was subsequently put ashore at Ivica, where he

communicated the details of his dreadful adventure to the local authorities, and obtained their assistance to effect his return to his duties at Otranto.—*London Telegraph*.

A PLACE WHERE THE MAIL BAG IS NEVER SEEN.

People who wish for some retreat beyond the reach of the postman, where they cannot be worried by receiving letters, should go to the Island of St. Kilda, in the Outer Hebrides, where they will find that rest for which they pine. The blessing, however, of "no letters" does not seem to be appreciated by the inhabitants of the island, whose grievances on this score are set forth in a remarkable petition lately presented to Parliament by Mr. W. H. Gladstone. The petition is that of "John Sands, residing at Bankhead, in the county of East Lothian, representative of the people." Mr. Sands states that he lived for eight months, namely, from June 22, 1876, to February 22, 1877, in St. Kilda, and during that period had a good opportunity of observing the condition of the inhabitants of the island and sharing the miseries which they suffered through want of postal communication with the rest of the world. In consequence of the failure of the agent of the proprietor of the island to send oatmeal the islanders, who could not let their condition be known to those on the mainland, were reduced to short allowance of food. During the eight months Mr. Sands was on the island the inhabitants were in a state of painful suspense as to the fate of some of their relatives supposed to have been lost in a boat thirteen years before, but whom they had been informed were still living, and concerning whose fate they could get no information. On the 17th of January, 1877, nine shipwrecked Austrian sailors landed in St. Kilda, and remained there for five weeks, unable to escape or let their relatives know of their condition. Mr. Sands, "for want of a post, fell upon the desperate expedient of making small ships, and sending them off before the wind, with letters in their holds, which mail packets, strangely enough, all arrived safely at places blessed with a postal system." A life-buoy carrying a bottle with letter inclosed, and rigged with a sail, went from St. Kilda to Orkney, and was the means of bringing a gunboat to the relief of the shipwrecked seamen, when Mr. Sands wisely took the opportunity of escaping from the island. Before leaving it he was furnished with a mandate written by the minister, and signed by "as many of the inhabitants as had not forgotten how to write their name," authorizing and begging him to "watch over their interests in the outside world, and especially to try and get a mail steamer sent to the island twice a year—namely, in spring and autumn." True to the trust reposed in him, Mr. Sands prays that this boon may be granted to the unfortunate dwellers in St. Kilda.

Pleasantries.

Summer hotels are open, and fly-fishing has commenced—in the butter dishes and milk jugs.

The water is just warm enough for little boys to drown in without danger of catching cold.—*St. Louis Journal*.

It was the first experience a couple of Vermont men had enjoyed with a hammock, and the fellow who tried to step into it and then lie down, went over head first and got his nose rooted into the ground and scooped a lot of dirt into his mouth. On getting up he said to his friend:—"Don't try it that way!" And the friend indignantly replied:—"You bet I won't! Do you take me for a fool?"

After a telegraph-pole had fallen on a Savannah negro's head, he threw up his hands and shouted: "Don't hit me again wid yer club, Mr. Policeman. It wasn't me dat stole der chickens. It was Deacon Henry." Then he looked, saw what hit him, and walked off, saying: "Golly, I'se in luck dis mornin. I spected dat de policeman had me shuah dat time."

Religious Intelligence.

Home.
Mr. Samuel Riddle, a wealthy manufacturer of Glen Riddle, Pa., has built a \$10,000 church at that place and given it to the Presbytery. It was dedicated July 4th.

The Central Church, Newport, R. I., under the lead of its pastor, Dr. Warren Randolph, subscribed nearly \$6,000 towards a debt of \$7,000 on a recent Lord's day, and expects to pay the whole indebtedness very shortly.

Seven hundred of the members of the First African Baptist Church, Richmond, Va., propose withdrawing from its membership to form a new organization. The First Church will still have about four thousand members.

The Ninth Baptist Church, Cincinnati, expects to celebrate its semi-centennial in October. Of the pastors, who have served the church, still living, are Drs. Magoon, Robinson, Ellis, Hoyt, Jeffery, and Duncan, the latter the present pastor.

During the past year and a half, the various Baptist churches of Philadelphia and the immediate vicinity have been relieved of debts to the amount of \$227,000. Sixteen churches are still in debt, and owe a total of \$61,800. The heaviest debt is that of the Pilgrim Church amounting to \$14,000.

A college for women at Bryn Mawr, just out from Philadelphia, is in process of erection under the control of the Orthodox Friends. Dr. Joseph W. Taylor of Burlington left \$350,000 for this purpose. The Pres. Boards of Foreign and of Home Missions have each received \$30,000 from the estate of the late William T. Sloane of N. Y.

Orthodox Friends have agreed to establish an inquiry as to whether any member indulges in the use of intoxicating drinks. The Society has been moving to this point slowly but steadily. Last century it was in the queries whether farmers saw that their laborers were properly supplied with such drinks at harvest time.

The revised translation of the Bible is to be printed in the form of paragraphs, the chapters and verses being indicated in the margin. The present division into chapters and verses, while, in many respects a very great convenience, often breaks up the connection of thought, and makes it the more difficult to the English reader to understand the argument or narrative.

The arrangements for the Presbyterian Council which meets in Philadelphia have been announced. The preparatory reception will take place on the 22d of September, and the regular sessions of the Council will begin on the following day. The opening sermon is to be preached by the Rev. William Adams, D. D. of New York. The subjects to be discussed during the sittings include Inspiration, Authenticity and Interpretation of Scripture, Future Retribution, Modern Theological Thought, Creeds and Confessions, Presbyterianism and Liberty, and Bible Revision.

Abroad.
The Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Glasgow, after holding evangelistic meetings in Florence and Naples, commenced a series in Rome. The priests prevented him from occupying a theatre he had secured, but he secured another hall without delay.

The Bishop of Tournai, Mgr. Dumont, who was removed by the Pope for a too active opposition to the new Belgian school laws, rails dreadfully at Leo XIII., and questions the doctrine of Infallibility. His friend and supporter, Louise Lateau, the famous stigmatist, has been excommunicated.

The Bible Society of France has distributed 350,000 copies of the Scriptures, has revised the New Testament of Ostervald, and has begun to publish a revision of the Old Testament. During the last year it received \$8,590, and distributed 37,804 copies. Arabic New Testaments have been provided, to be distributed in Algeria and Africa.

At Geneva, Switzerland, on the 6th of July last, bells were rung, guns were fired, and solemn thanksgiving services were held in the Cathedral of St. Pierre, because the people had voted by a great majority against the separation of Church and State. Of 13,000 ballots cast, out of a possible 17,000, only 4,000 were for the separation. This result was largely due to the attachment of the people to their national Protestant Church, and partly to a feeling that the separation would be regarded as a Roman Catholic victory.

WHAT GAVE RISE TO THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—In the year 1617, when Vincent was one day going up the pulpit at Chatillon, a lady who had come to hear him preach, detained him for a moment, with the request to make mention in his sermon of a poor family living about a half a league from Chatillon, where there was much sickness and great need of help. Vincent was asked to recommend this family to the charity of the congregation. This he did with such effect that several of the people set out on leaving the church to visit the poor family, and took with them bread and meat and other things for their relief. After Vespers Vincent went also to visit them, and was surprised to meet so many of the people coming back. His practical eye at once perceived that the matter had been carried to excess. The poor people had received far more than they could use. Many of the provisions would be spoiled before they could be availed of, and the family for whose benefit these offerings were intended would be as badly off as before. Vincent began to think that system and organization were needed. He formed a parochial association, which he called the Confraternity of Charity; and out of this little streamlet of good works at Chatillon the noble institution of the Sisters of Charity finally grew into being, and was developed into a vast organization for the benefit of the poor.

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1889, August 21st, 1880. Contents: Recent and Future Arctic Voyages, Quarterly Review; Adam and Eve, by the author of "Dorothy Fox," part XI, Advance Sheets; A New Study of Tennyson, Cornhill Magazine; The Strange Story of Kitty Canham, Temple Bar; On the Sources of German Discontent, by Karl Hillebrand, Contemporary Review; Street Nuisances, Saturday Review; About Cats, Queen; Nature's Hygiene, Nature; Poetry: Miscellany. Published every Saturday by Little & Co., Boston.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW. August, 1880. Land Tenure in Ireland, by M. Longfield; Why the American Colonies Separated from Great Britain, by John Riecke; Health Resorts in the Pyrenees, by J. Burcey Yeo; Mr. Bradlaugh and His Opponents, by Leslie Stephen; July 14th, 1880, (On the Refusal of the Amnesty by the French Senate), by A. C. Swinburne; Friendly Societies: Their Position and Prospects by James S. Randall; The European Concert, by D. C. Lathbury; The Decan, by David Wedderburn; Public Opinion and Its Leaders, by T. Wemyss Reid; The Policy of Coercion, by William T. Stead; Home and Foreign Affairs; The Trumpet-major, by Thomas Hardy, chapters XXV. to XXVII., from Good Words. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

THE PENN MONTHLY, devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics, August, 1880. Contents: The Month.—The Bill to Restrict Evictions in Ireland. What the English would like to make of Ireland. The New Greek Boundary. The Plan of an Imperial Customs Union. Failure of Confederation at the Cape, Canada and America. The Cobden Club's Propaganda. National Convention on the Shipping Interest. Secretary Schurz and the Arrest of Colonel Tibbles. Theological Education in America. John Dyer; R. D. Blackmore as a Novelist; The Issues of the Campaign, Robert Ellis Thompson; The Watch Over Our Charities, A. L. New Books, Books Received. Published for the Penn Monthly Association by Edward Stern & Co., Nos. 125 & 127 N. Seventh St., Phila. Terms: \$3 per annum; single numbers, 30 cts.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, 1880. The contents are: The American Graces, with three illustrations, Eugene L. Didier; Fish and Men in the Maine Islands, with sixteen illustrations, H. W. Bishop; The Family of George III., with twenty portraits, K. M. Rowland; By paths in the Mountains, L. L., with twelve illustrations, Rebecca Harding Davis; The Seven Solers' Paradise beside the Loire, with six illustrations, Moncure D. Conway; Amid the Grasses, a poem, with five illustrations, William M. Briggs; Squatter life in New York, with eight illustrations, William H. Rideing; Motherhood, a poem, Mrs. J. P. Morgan; White Wings, a yachting romance, with two illustrations, William Black; Amandar, a story, Rose Terry Cooke; Washington Square, a novel, Henry James, Jr.; The Red-horse Tavern; A Mid-winter-night's Adventure, Anna C. Brackett; Indian and Negro, Anna C. Brackett; Editor's Easy Chair: Old Newport, The Nature of Scobbery, George Ripley, Celebrating the Fourth, Sara Bernhardt; Editor's Literary Record: Heilprin's Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews, Brugsch's True Story of the Exodus, Renouf's Hibbert Lectures, Life of Bushnell, Stephen's Pope, Diary and Letters of Frances Barney, Symington's Lover, Besant's Gaspard de Coligny, Conder's Judas Maccabaeus, Tuckey's Joan of Arc, Kossov's Memoirs of My Exile, White's Words and their Uses, and Every-day English, Richardson's The National Bank, Fish's American Manual of Parliamentary Law, Nicola's Chapters from the Physio-Id History of the Earth, Recent Fiction; Editor's Drawer: French 'Guenes, A Question of Identity, Anecdotes of Dr. Poor, An Old English Song, A concise Verdict, Climate and Weight, Anecdotes of Meissonier, No Excuses, "Other Fellows think so too," A great Catch, Napo con Relies, A Horse doctor as a Witness, A colored Brother, A Compliment, More polite than revert, In a difficult Station, (Illustration). We have also received Harper's *Bazar*, Harper's *Weekly*, and Harper's *Young Folks*, all first-class papers.

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Lve. Harrisburg	8:00 A. M.	1:15 P. M.	8:45 P. M.
Arr. Carlisle	9:00 " "	2:15 " "	9:45 " "
" Chambersburg	10:30 " "	4:00 " "	11:0 " "
" Hagerstown	11:30 " "	5:00 " "	
" Martinsburg	12:30 P. M.	6:00 " "	
* Arrives at Philadelphia	10:10 A. M.		
* Leaves Philadelphia 5:30 P. M.			
DOWN TRAINS.			
Lve. Martinsburg	6:30 A. M.	2:30 P. M.	
" Hagerstown	8:00 " "	3:30 " "	
" Chambersburg	9:30 A. M.	1:00 P. M.	4:15 " "
" Carlisle	10:45 " "	2:30 " "	6:00 " "
Arr. Harrisburg	11:45 " "	3:30 " "	7:00 " "
* Arrives at Philadelphia	10:10 A. M.		
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We would also call the attention of Sunday School Superintendents to this valuable little work, which is meeting with such a marked degree of success. Although only in its second edition, its circulation thus far has exceeded our expectations.
There is hardly a school within the bounds of our denomination that is not able to take it, either for the whole year, or a portion, which many are doing at this time.
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General News.

HOME.

The obelisk has not yet been landed at New York.

The number of deaths from the disaster at May's Landing thus far is twenty-five.

On Saturday afternoon the corner stone of the Asbury Park and Ocean Grove Library Building, at Asbury Park, was laid by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, in presence of a large assemblage. The collections for the building fund were headed by a contribution of \$500 from Mr. Childs.

Sixty of the coaches of the Herdic Transportation Company have been completed, with the exception of the varnish and embellishments. About the middle of September they will be put in use on Broad street, and afterward new routes will be established from time to time as fast as the coaches are finished until all the principal streets unoccupied by passenger railways are supplied with this means of transportation.

The number of foreign vessels entered during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, as appears from the annual report of the Philadelphia Custom House was 1791, and of coastwise 1285; the number cleared was 1584 and 1522 respectively. The exports during the last year show a gain of more than two millions and a half from the previous year, the total being \$49,612,195. The increase in imports amounted to almost 47 per cent., the aggregate for 1880 being \$35,661,292. The total number of entries of merchandise was 17,827, and the duties and tonnage amounted to \$12,665,008.

The receipts of flour, wheat and corn, at the seven Atlantic ports—New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Montreal and Portland—for the week ending June 26th are the largest on record—being of wheat, 4,045,572 bushels; corn, 6,009,530 bushels; flour, 183,893 barrels. The exports from the same ports for the week and during the past eight weeks are also the largest on record—being for the week, 3,849,999 bushels of wheat, 4,038,502 bushels of corn and 71,868 barrels of flour; total for eight weeks, 19,678,555 bushels of wheat; 20,240,992 bushels of corn; 649,933 barrels of flour.

Chicago, Aug. 20.—A despatch from Waseca, Minn., says the officers of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad have obtained the consent of the Sioux Indians to make a preliminary survey across their reservation in the direction of the Black Hills. The Northwestern surveyors have crossed the river and will push the survey with all possible despatch. Meantime tracklaying from Huron to the Missouri river is proceeding with remarkable speed. On Wednesday the force laid over two miles of track, the average being over a mile and a half a day on the whole work. The track is now in working order for construction trains for sixty two miles beyond Huron, leaving only about seventy miles to the Missouri, which space is now all under construction, and will be completed doubtless and in operation to Fort Pierre by October.

FOREIGN.

London, Aug. 21.—A B-rin despatch says that Cardinal Nina, the Papal Secretary of State, has had an attack of fever, and will probably have to court retirement and repose for a long time.

Rome, Aug. 22.—The *Divitto* asserts that the Italian Consul at Tacna, Peru, was menaced and insulted by the Chilians, and that the Italian Cabinet has addressed a complaint to the Chilean Government.

The census which was taken during last summer states the population of Bosnia and Herzegovina to be nearly one million and a quarter, which pretty well tallies with the estimate given by the Turkish Government. The figures are roughly given as follows:—Muslimans, 442,000; Orthodox Christians, 500,000; Catholics, 208,000; Jews, 3,000. Total, 1,153,000.

London, Aug. 6.—In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, replying to Mr. O'Connor Power, said the statement that the Government fear a rising in Ireland in consequence of the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance bill was entirely unfounded.

Outrages on individuals, he said, had occurred in Mayo and elsewhere, and it was considered necessary to increase the public confidence by placing small military detachments in those districts. Some troops had been ordered to Ireland for this purpose, and others to relieve the troops ordered thence to India.

The Japanese proposals for new treaties have been laid before the diplomatic representatives and transmitted to the various powers. A slight change is suggested in the system of extra territorial jurisdiction apparently with a view to holding foreigners guilty of offenses against the State more strictly to account than heretofore, but no interference with extra territorial principles is yet contemplated. Considerable modifications of the existing commercial regulations are demanded. Japan asks for the exclusive control of the coasting trade and for an augmentation of customs duties on certain articles of import. Duties are in no case to exceed 30 per cent. of original values, the average to be about 10 per cent.

The treaty is to remain in force—years after the exchange of ratifications, twelve months' notice being thereafter requisite in either side in case of intention to abrogate. The propositions are universally admitted to be moderate and reasonable, yet strong opposition is anticipated from the British officials, who earnestly oppose every measure calculated to check British importations in the slightest degree, regardless of Japan's imperative needs. The French and German legations will follow the English, but the American warmly favors the projected alterations together with the Russian and Italian.

Russian naval reinforcements are arriving in considerable numbers. Extraordinary reports are circulating of the inefficient and untrustworthy condition of the English fleet in Asiatic waters.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 21, 1880.
[The prices here given are wholesale.]

Flour.—The sales reported comprised about 1,000 barrels, in lots, on a basis of quotations as follows: Supers at \$2.50 @ 3; winter extras, \$3.50 @ 4; Pennsylvania family, \$4.75 @ 5.25; Ohio and Indiana do., \$5 @ 5.75; St. Louis do., \$5.50 @ 6; winter patent, \$6.50 @ 7.25; Minnesota bakers' extras, \$5.25 @ 6; do. straight, \$6 @ 6.50; do. patents, \$6.75 @ 8. Rye flour was sold at \$4.50 for good Pennsylvania.

Wheat.—Delaware red and amber were quoted nominally at \$1.07, against sales at \$1.06 1/2 late yesterday, and car lots No. 2 red, spot, in elevator, sold at \$1.07. At and immediately after Boards there were sales of 23,000 bushels No. 2 red, spot and August, at \$1.07; 15,000 bushels do. do. at \$1.07; 10,000 bushels do. do. at \$1.07; 15,000 bushels do. do. at \$1.08; 5,000 do. do. at \$1.09; and 5,000 bushels do. do. at \$1.09, closing, at 1 P. M., at \$1.07 for August; \$1.07 1/2 bid and \$1.07 1/2 asked for September; \$1.08 1/2 bid and \$1.08 1/2 asked for October, and \$1.09 1/2 bid and \$1.09 1/2 asked for November. Shipments, 59,338 bushels. Stock in elevators, 928,241 bushels.

Corn.—Sales reported comprised 1,200 bushels rejected at 52c; 500 bushels sail mixed track at 52 1/2c; small lots prime yellow for local use at 53 @ 53 1/2c; and 5,000 bushels sail mixed, October, in elevator, at 52c, closing at the noon call with 51 1/2c bid and 52 1/2c asked for August; 52 1/2c bid and 53c asked for September; 52 1/2c bid and 53c asked for October, and 53c bid and 53 1/2c asked for November. Shipments, 16,375 bushels. Stock in elevators, 352,645 bushels.

Oats.—Sales reported comprised 7,000 bushels, in lots, including mixed at 35 @ 35 1/2c; No. 3 white at 37c, held higher at the close; No. 2 white at 39 @ 40c, and 1 ear No. 1 white early at 39 1/2c; generally quoted at 40 @ 41c, at the close. At open Board 5,000 bushels No. 2 white, September, sold at 37 1/2c (2c advance), and at the close 37 1/2c was bid and 38 1/2c asked for August, and 37 1/2c bid and 39c asked for October.

Rye was nominal in the absence of offerings, but prime was wanted at 75c.

GROCERIES.—Coffee was firm and in fair demand, with sales of 350 bags low grade and good Rio at 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2; 400 bags ordinary and good Laguayra at 13 1/2 @ 14 1/2; 75 bags fair Maracaibo at 15 1/2 @ 16 1/2; and 100 mata fair Java at 22c. Raw Sugars were quiet, but firm at 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4 for fair to good refining muscovados, with light offerings. Refined Sugars were active and strong at 10 for No. 1; 10 1/4 for crushed, 10 1/2 for powdered and granulated; 10 3/4 for mould A, and 10 1/2 for Standard A. In Molasses there was nothing doing. We quote nominally at 35 @ 36c for 50 test. Rice was steady, but quiet at 55 @ 75c for common to choice Carolinas.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$16 @ 16 50; shoulders, in salt, 6 @ 6 1/2c; do. smoked, 7c; pickled bellies at 9 1/2 @ 10c, as to average; do. shoulders, 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4; Loose butchers' Lard, 8c; prime steam do., \$8 @ 8 1/2; city kettle refined do. at 9c. Beef Hams at \$21.50 @ 22.50; smoked do., 11 1/2 @ 13 1/2; sweet pickled Hams, 10 1/2 @ 11c, as to average. Smoked Beef, 15 @ 16c; extra India Mess Beef, \$16, f. o. b.; f. m. b., \$11.50; packed do., \$10.50. City Tallow, 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4. BUTTER.—Quotations were: Creamery, extras at 25 @ 26c; do. good to choice, 23 @ 24c; imitation creamery, 14 @ 20c, as to quality; Bradford tubs, extras, 22 @ 23c; fair to good, 19 @ 21c; Western dairy, fancy, 19 @ 20c; do. ordinary to choice at 15 @ 18c; factory packed, 13 @ 15c, as to quality; selections 16c; common grades, 10 @ 12c. Eggs, 10 @ 11c. PRIME.—Fancy at 25 @ 26c; do. firsts at 18 @ 23c; do. seconds at 10 @ 15c.

CHEESE.—Quotations were: New York factory, fancy, full cream, at 12 @ 12 1/2c; fair to good do., 10 1/2 @ 11 1/2c; half skims, do., 9 1/2 @ 10c; Ohio, flat, fine, 11 @ 11 1/2c; do. fair to good, 10 @ 10 1/2c; do. half skims, 8 @ 9 1/2c; soft skims, 7 @ 8c, and hard do., 4 @ 5c, as to quality.

EGGS.—Sales of Western were made in lines at 18c, but in a small way as high as 19c. was reached on choice marks, and the latter rate was readily obtained from wholesale buyers for all good brands of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware stock, while jobbing transactions were frequently reported as high as 20c.

LIVE POULTRY.—Chickens were in good supply and quiet at 9 @ 10c for general sales, only exceptional choice lots exceeding the outside rate. Other descriptions of Poultry were nominal in the absence of demand or offerings of any note.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote choice North Pennsylvania timothy Hay at \$23 @ 24; prime Western and York State do. at \$19 @ 20, the latter for strictly choice; fair and choice mixed do. at \$18 @ 19. Rye Straw at \$18 @ 18.50; oat do. at \$12, and wheat do. at \$9 @ 10 1/2 ton.

SEEDS.—Clover was in moderate demand and firm at 54 @ 56c, with sales of 25 bushels at the outside rate for prime. Timothy was in good supply and steady, with sales of 650 bushels of prime at \$2.50, and jobbing transactions at \$2.70. Flax was scarce and wanted by crushers at \$1.27 @ 1.28.

FED was steady and in moderate demand, with sales of 3 cars prime Western wheat Bran at \$14.75, on the track.

A PLEASANT EXCURSION.

The long-looked for excursion of Southwick's Combination Store for their customers and employees to Atlantic City left Vine street wharf yesterday morning at 7.30 A. M. About 1,000 persons took advantage of Mr. Southwick's liberal offer and enjoyed themselves at the seaside. Over 1,200 tickets were given out, and every one expressed themselves as perfectly delighted, as it was one of the most enjoyable excursions they were ever on. Mr. Southwick entertained at his cottage about 150 employees, members of the press and personal friends. He invited them to a sail on the ocean in two of the largest sailing yachts of Atlantic City. Among the many pleasures that was in store for the guests were the decorations of Mr. Southwick's cottage, the building being almost entirely covered with bunting. One old tree standing in front of the house was beautifully covered with flags of all nations arranged in such a manner as to exhibit every flag. The terrace and lawn were covered with rare and exotic plants in full bloom. Mr. Southwick's excursion will long be remembered by every one who was fortunate enough to be on it as a day on which they had a very pleasant and happy time. The excursionists were taken from Atlantic City on the 7 o'clock train and after a most enjoyable ride through South Jersey reached Philadelphia at 9 P. M.

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